THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 41 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 19.

## THE WIFE OF LUMLEY MOORE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Have you not seen her many a day,
Leaning out of her door,
List'ning and looking far away—
The wife of Lumley Moore?

The leaves of the roof-tree, thick and dim,
Trembling through and through,
And little birds with necks stretched slim,
As if they listened too?

Have you not seen the air a-hush,
And tender with her praise,
And the squirrel hide in his hazel bush
Ashamed of his clumsy ways?

Her timid glances all alert,
As if her peace was gone,
And her step as light as she feared to hurt
The grass she trod upon?

Have you not heard her piteous sighs
That reached to other years,
And seen the light of her sweet, sweet eyes
Going out in tears?

Poor lady! when at midnight dark
The death-watch beats his drum,
She turns no more in her bed, to hark
For feet that do not come.

The brier its thorny arms all wide
Has thrown across her door,
And the lizard slips where lived and died
The wife of Lumley Moore.

# GLENDOWER;

OR,

## THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

### A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

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THE RESCUE OF EMMA DEAN

### CHAPTER I.

AN ADVENTURE.

It was just after noon, on a clear, calm day in early June, that a Newcastle brig, from the Thames, hove to off the coast of Yorkshire, between Scarborough and Robin Hood's Bay. A boat was lowered, and when the oarsmen had taken their reats, two passengers entered, and were rowed to the shore. As soon as the latter were landed the boat returned, and the vessel filled away, and stood on her course.

Between the appearance of the two men who had thus gained a footing upon the soil of old England, there was a striking contrast. The first was a youth, not over three-and-twenty, tall and well-proportioned, with features of marked intelligence and manly beauty, a keen, full gray eye, and a mass of fine, glossy hair, which hung in light brown curls about his neck and temples. His skin was quite dark, having been bronzed by long and constant exposure to the storm and sunshine; but its texture was pure and firm, and even delicate in its healthy tints. His garb was a sort of undress naval uniform, half way betwen that of an officer and a common sailor. He wore the ordinary blue jacket and trowsers, but the material was finer than usual. His buff vest, however, was graced with officers' buttons, and he wore an officer's sword. His cap, which was of blue cloth, also bore the "button." He stepped lightly, like one who is confident of his own strength, and yet there was a grace and reserve in his bearing which betrayed no bravado or self-consequence.

The second was an old man, who had certainly seen three-score years. He was short in stature, barely reaching to his companion's shoulder, and not very large in frame; but what frame he did have was compact and solid, and knit together with tough sinews. His features were bronzed, and scarred, and bony, seeming to have become bronzed in substance as well as in color. In fact, he looked something like a marine petrifaction; his whole system having been thoroughly hardened by long years of kneading, baking, and drying in storm, and sun, and wind. His hair was of a coarse, grizzled gray, and stood out from under the broad brim of his tarpaulin hat, like the well-worn stubs of a frosty scrubbing-broom. But he had a genial, generous look, and the light of his sharp hazel eye was clear and bright. He was dressed in an ordinary seaman's garb, and wore a stout cutlass hanging upon his left hip.

"Well, Julian," said the old man, in a tone which was deep, full and grim, "would ye know this place, eh?"

"Yes, Mark," returned the youth, gazing about him; "I think there are scenes here which I recollect, though I am sadly at fault in the matter of distances. I remember this landing-place very well, for it was here you used to bring me to sail in your boat. Isn't it so?"

"Yes. You're right, Julian."

"And I remember that high hill, with the old ruin on it; but it seemed to me as though it were many miles away."

"O, no, me boy. It's only a couple o' mile, or so."

"I see it's not, now. But yet, Mark, the place looks familiar. I should have known it if I had been set down here alone, with no one to guide me."

"And d'ye think ye could find yer way up to the old cot?"

"Let's see. Yes. There's the path, yonder."

"No, no, Julian," said the old man, with a smile and a shake of the head. "Ye're wrong there, me lad. That's the path that leads to Woldhill Hall, where the Earl o' Stanbury lives. This is our path, off here."

"I see, now," returned the other.

"Then we'll heave ahead," pursued Mark, "for we may be expected."

youth's fair features, and, without speaking, he started on.

The point where they had landed was within a small cove, flanked upon either hand by ragged rocks, but with a piece of level beach at the inner extremity. To the right stretched away a high, steep hill, crowned with the ruins of some old feudal structure; to the left arose another hill, but not so high as the first, and sweeping away to a far greater distance; while directly ahead was a thick wood, which hid the country beyond. It was through this wood that the path led which the two men took.

"Julian," spoke the old man, turning towards his companion, and surveying him from head to foot with a look of pride and fondness, "d'ye think ye'll know yer mother?"

"Know her?" repeated Julian, suddenly stopping, and then moving on again. "I should know her were I to meet her in any part of the world. Ah, Mark—a face like hers cannot change as some faces change, nor can a love like mine forget. MY MOTHER!—oh, what music there is in those two words! But—do you think she will know me?"

"Yes," said the old sailor, again surveying him, "I think she will. But ye aren't the same Julian Glendower 'at I took away from England fifteen year ago. Ye've growed since then, though there's the same look upon yer face, and yer eye 's got the same beamin' light. Yes—I think she'll know ye, Julian."

"I hope she will," returned the youth. "She certainly will," he added, "if we meet her together; for Mark Warrenton has not altered, and if she knows him she will know me."

"True, I can't have altered much," said Mark, holding up his hard, crusted hands, and surveying them as though they were a type of the whole body. "At five-and-forty I was a tough old fish, an' I aren't anything else now, at sixty. Splinter my old timbers, Julian, it don't seem nat'ral to think 'at I'm three-score. Does it seem so to you?"

"It makes but little difference how many years you have lived, Mark," the youth replied. "You are as stout and firm, and as brave and generous as ever. Your hand and heart cannot grow old while life remains. Your head may grow more gray, but your blood is as free and warm as ever."

"You're heapin' it up rather high, me boy; but I'm glad it's you that said it, for I know you speak just as you think. Others might say that, and not mean it."

"There are hundreds who would say the same thing, Mark."

"Well—mayhap there be. But," the old man added, as though he would change the subject, "think how old my mother must be, if she's livin'. Four-score, at least."

"And, I'll warrant ye, as hale and hearty as ever," returned Julian.

"I hope so. Leastwise, she was well the last time we heard from her."

The two men had now reached the crown of a gentle eminence, from which the broad expanse of the North Sea could be seen, and they stopped and turned to gaze upon the water they had just left.

"Ah, me boy," cried Mark Warrenton, with considerable enthusiasm, "surely ye'd know this."

"Indeed I should," responded Julian. "These hills, those ruins, the forest, with its great trees, and the blue ocean, spread out so wide and far, all bring back to me the scenes and emotions of other years. Ah—how well I remember the strange fancies that used to haunt my mind when I stood here, and gazed off upon the great sea. How I wondered what was beyond—what kind of people lived there—what strange things there were hidden on the other side of the horizon—and if I should ever see them. I didn't think then that I should spend so many years beyond them all."

"And only think what a man you've grow'd to be," said the old man, with another fond look into his companion's face, "I don't wan't to take praise to myself, but I think I've done all I could for ye."

"Have you not done everything?" exclaimed the youth, seizing Mark by the hand. "Do I not owe everything to you? You have stood by me in every hour, and helped me when I could not help myself."

"I won't deny that, Julian, but I had a reason for doin' it. I did it because I loved ye—I couldn't help doin' it. If ye'd been cross, an' ugly, an' ill-tempered, I never should 'a done for ye what I have done, nor would others 'ave done it, either. If ye'd been a dunce, ye might be a cook's scullion now, instead of a leftenant of a noble Indiaman. I couldn't 'a helped ye to an officer's berth, if ye hadn't 'a had it in ye to make one."

"Yet you've done all you could do," returned Julian, "and I only hope I may live to repay you."

"There," cried Mark, dropping his companion's hand, "don't say no more. It's all right, and there we'll let it rest. But—— Look there. There's a craft o' some sort in Midnight Bay."

"It's a brig," said the young man, looking in the direction pointed out.

"It must be," responded the other. "I wonder what such a craft can be doin' in there. I never know'd 'at anything bigger 'n a fish'n'-boat could run into that bay. You remember what a narrer contracted place 'tis, an' how it's locked in with rocks?"

"I remember something about it. But are you sure she's in the bay?"

"She's either in the bay, or else on dry land, for there aren't no other water could bear her in that direction. She's in the bay, sartin."

"May be a smuggler," suggested Julian.

"Like as not," assented Mark.

They gazed a few moments longer upon the tall spars, and then resumed their walk, and ere long they struck a broader path, which swept around the foot of a hill, and where the woods were more open.

"We're in the earl's park now," said Mark. "We may see some deer afore we get home. He used to have lots of 'em here—the old earl did."

"Hark!" uttered Julian, stopping and listening attentively. "There may be one now. Do you not hear that noise?"

"Aye, aye,—I hear it."

"Something is coming this way."

"But it aren't a deer," said Mark.

"It's a——"

Before Julian could finish his sentence the old man interrupted him with—

"Ho, ho,—it's a woman! See! see!—she's comin' this way!"

Julian started a pace forward, and saw a female running towards the spot where they stood.

"She's frightened at something," said Mark. "See how she runs."

"Perhaps some wild animal has startled her," added the young man.

"We'll see."

In a few moments more the girl came up. Our two friends stood in her path, and she stopped. She was a fair-formed being, of exquisite symmetry of frame, with features of marvelous beauty; large, soft brown eyes, and nut-brown tresses which were now flowing over her neck and shoulders. She was not over nineteen, and her garb betokened that she belonged to some wealthy family.

"What's the matter, me fair leddy?" asked Mark.

She gazed upon the speaker with a frightened look, and then turned towards Julian.

"You are not enemies!" she cried, clasping her hands beseechingly. "You will not do me harm!"

"Do ye harm?" repeated the old man. "Did Mark Warrenton ever do harm to anybody in distress?"

*"You have nothing to fear from us, gentle lady,"* added Julian. *"Tell us how we can help you,* and all that we can do for you shall be done."

"Mark Warrenton," said the girl, hopefully.

"And——"

"Julian Glendower," returned the youth, as she cast an inquiring glance towards him.

"O—then you will save me, I know."

"Save you!" exclaimed Julian, starting forward and gazing fixedly into the girl's face. "Is this Emma Dean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul—so 'tis!" cried Mark, taking her hand, and scanning her fair features. "The same Emma that used to play with Julian years ago. You remember Julian. See how he's grow'd. He's an officer now; an' he's a hero, too. But—ye look frightened. What's happened? Tell us."

"Four stout men set upon me in the wood. They bound my attendant, Mary Nolan, and were going to bind me, when I slipped from them, and ran. Oh! here they come now! Save me! Save me!"

Julian looked, and saw four men approaching at a swift pace. They were stout, burly fellows, and habited in sailor garb. He bade the girl stand back, and then faced the ruffians.

"Hallo!" cried the leader of the party, as he approached the spot where the trio stood. "Who've we got here? Stand out o' the way, boy, and let me have that gal!"

The speaker was a huge fellow; tall and powerful; dark-featured, and weather-scarred; with large black eyes, and a black beard, which was neatly trimmed. His hair, of the same raven hue, clung about his bull-like head and neck in short curls; and, altogether, he was about as dubious a looking customer as any one would wish to meddle with. His companions looked rough enough, and hard enough, but they were not of such huge proportions.

"This lady has sought our protection, sir; and she shall have it," replied Julian, when he had measured the giant with his eye.

"Zounds!" uttered Mark, at this point, having been regarding the ruffian attentively; "I shouldn't forget that face, nor that great body, though it's grow'd some since I saw it last. If it aren't Dixon Grunker, the smuggler, may I be blowed."

"Eh!" cried the man thus alluded to, gazing sharply into the old sailor's face. "I've seen this old crab before."

"If ye remember Mark Warrenton, ye'll remember me," said the petrified Indiaman.

"O—I remember ye. There's no need of yer tellin' me the name that belongs to such a figger-head as you've got. But I'll have to see ye some other time to talk over old affairs; I've got business now. I must have this gal."

"Keep back!" ordered Julian, as Grunker approached him. "I know that you have no claim here, and that your aim, whatever it may be, is one of villainy. So I shall defend this lady with my life. I give you fair warning!"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the ruffian, with a scornful sneer. "A boy and an old dried up man against four of the hardest men in the kingdom! I hardly think you're in earnest, youngster."

Julian drew his sword, and returned the ruffian a look of defiance.

"I want no fray," he replied, "nor would I have blood shed; but I give not this fair lady up to you while I have life."

"Well spoken, by the holy powers," returned Grunker. "But if you don't want blood shed you'd better put up your sword, and stand out of the way. I don't want to harm ye; but have this gal I must—and quick, too."

As the fellow spoke he took a step forward, and made a motion as though he would push the youth out of his way. Julian might, under other circumstances, have shrunk from encountering such a gigantic opponent; but he could not refuse now, nor did he have such a thought. He trusted to his own skill and quickness of sight, knowing that mere brutal strength did not win battles. And, further—he was unwilling to strjke the first blow with mortal weapon, even in such a cause. He had just placed his foot upon his native soil for the first time after long years of absence, and he disliked the thought of shedding English blood in his first essay. So he quickly changed his sword into his left hand, and with his fist he dealt the ruffian a blow that sent him reeling back.

"Hold on, boys," said Grunker to his men, as he saw them start; "let me settle with this youngster." And he advanced again.

Emma Dean had been sorely frightened during this opening scene, and she now sprang to Julian's side and caught him by the arm.

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Not for me! They will kill you!"

"Stand back—just one moment," replied the youth, putting her gently away. "I am used to such things, and fear them not. You shall go safe to your home, or——"

He was interrupted here by the near approach of Grunker, and quickly putting himself upon his guard, he cried—

"It shall be no boy's play this time."

"No," returned the other, whose cheek was bleeding from the effects of the blow he had replied. "This is the kind of play I'll make it."

He aimed a blow with the heavy cutlass he carried, but it was parried with the utmost ease.

"Will you give up the gal?" he asked.

"No!" was the ready answer.

"Then I must take her."

He rushed forward, and aimed another blow at the youth, but his weapon was turned aside, and he received a wound upon the sword-arm. This served to exasperate him, and, with a fierce oath, he set on again. His three followers seemed to think that he would quickly dispose of the youngster, for they showed no disposition to advance. Mark Warrenton of course dared not interfere, for *he knew that such a movement would most surely call the three idle ones into action.* Emma Dean stood with hands clasped, and her eyes *turned* toward Heaven.

Both the combatants now went at the work in right good earnest; and the huge ruffian soon found that he had met his match. All his blows were turned aside or avoided, while he had rather more than he could comfortably attend to, to look out for the blows that were returned. The sharp steel clashed with a ringing sound, and both weapons were soon sadly scarred. Finally Grunker thought to change the programme. If he could not overcome his antagonist at a fence, he could rush in upon him, and hurl him to the ground by main force; so he watched his opportunity, and at length knocked Julian's sword down with a powerful blow, and instantly leaped upon him. But he was not so witty as he had thought. His antagonist had been reading his plans as clearly as he had made them. His play showed that he was preparing for some such coup; and when he gave his last blow his very look plainly told what his intent was. So Julian was prepared. He offered no resistance to the stroke which he saw was aimed only at his sword, but let the weapon fall of its own accord, and then, quick as thought, he raised his point just in season for his opponent to rush upon it. He held it with a firm hand—it entered the ruffian's side, and passed out under the opposite arm. As he withdrew the reeking blade and started back Grunker gave utterance to a hoarse curse, and staggered against a tree.

At this moment the tramp of a horse was heard up the road, and the three sound ruffians sprang off into the wood, leaving their leader to his fate.

### CHAPTER II.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

As soon as Julian had seen the three ruffians safely off, he turned to the maiden, and said—

"I trust you are safe now. But tell me—what means this? Who are these men, and what was their aim?"

"Indeed I know not, sir," she replied. "They are——"

"What is it? Are you faint?" cried the youth, as he noticed that the girl started and turned pale.

"No—it is nothing. I only saw that horseman coming."

"Do you know him?" asked Julian, turning and seeing the new-comer.

"It is Sir Thomas Cleaveland."

"The Earl of Stanbury?"

"Yes."

In a moment more the earl came dashing up to the spot. He was a young man; not more than three or four-and-twenty; with sandy hair and complexion; rather tall and muscular; and possessing one of those countenances which are hard to read from their contradictory characteristics. His features were well-formed, save that his mouth was too large, and his chin a trifle too short. His eye was of a dull, pale blue, and only took expression when his passions were aroused. He wore a gentleman's ordinary hunting suit—a green, cut-away coat, with short skirts; a long, flapped waistcoat; close breeches of fine buckskin, and high topboots. His horse was a handsome one, and valuable.

"How now?" he exclaimed, as he drew up before the scene. "What have we here?" He seemed to be slightly startled, and a close observer could have seen that he was not well satisfied with the appearance of things.

"Only a slight brush, my lord," answered Julian, advancing a pace. "We found this fair lady beset by ruffians, and lent her our protection. One of them I have wounded, and the others ran off upon your approach."

"Wounded? Where?" asked the earl, gazing quickly around.

Grunker had fallen to the ground, and as Sir Thomas saw him he uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and quickly slipped from his saddle. He had taken a step towards the wounded man, when he hesitated, and turned to where Emma stood.

"Fair lady," he said, with a show of reverence, "I should have been here to yield thee protection from violence."

"Generous protectors were at hand, my lord," she replied.

A cloud gathered upon the earl's brow, and his hands were momentarily clutched, as if in anger.

"I am glad you found succor, surely," he resumed, "even at the hands of strangers. But how did it happen. Who were the villains that dared to molest you?"

"They seemed to be sea-faring men, sir, and were rough and cruel. They stopped us as we came along, and pulled us from our horses, but gave no word of explanation. They bound my attendant, and while they were thus engaged, I escaped from them, and met these kind gentlemen just in season to profit by their assistance."

"Then you did not know the ruffians?"

"No, sir—I never saw them before. There is one of them—the one who took the lead."

The earl now turned to where Grunker lay, and stooped down by his side; but what he said could not be heard. The ruffian seemed to have fainted, not so much from loss of blood as from a sort of stunning shock which had been given by the blow. He revived as Sir Thomas spoke to him, and pointed to his wound. The earl called Julian and Mark to his assistance, and having torn open the man's clothing, they staunched the blood as best they could.

"Now," said the young nobleman, as he arose to his feet, "I would like to know to whom we are indebted for this service rendered to the Lady Emma."

He gazed into Julian's face as he spoke, and the sudden start which he gave seemed to indicate that he had seen something unexpected.

"My name is Julian Glendower, sir," our hero replied.

"Glendower?" repeated the earl, as though trying to recall the name, but evidently only seeking to overcome the strange emotion which had seized upon him. "I think I have heard the name. Do you belong about here?"

"I can hardly claim that honor, sir," replied Julian, "though I spent a few years of my early childhood in this place."

"This old man I think I know," resumed Sir Thomas, turning towards Mark. He turned away from the youth as though he did not wish to look upon him any longer.

"Ye haint forgotten old Mark Warrenton, me lord," said the sailor, with an obsequious bow.

"Oh, no; I remember you very well; and I hope I may meet you both again, but at present I must attend to these matters. I will see that this fair lady has safe conduct to her home; and I will send some of my people to take care of the wounded man. I wish you a very good day."

Then turning to Emma Dean, he added—

"I saw your attendant back here a few rods, safely bound; but I left her for the purpose of seeking and saving her mistress. You shall take my seat until we find your own horse."

The lady *did not seem to like this at all, though she chose not to disobey. But she cast a glance* towards Julian which plainly indicated that she would much rather have had his company. Our hero caught the look, and it thrilled him to the very soul. There was more in it than he could then realize, though he knew very well that the lady was beautiful, and that he should be very happy in her society.

"I will see that this wounded man is cared for, so you need not wait," said the earl, as he noticed that our two friends lingered upon the spot.

With this hint Julian and his companion moved away; but not until the youth had once more caught the young lady's eye, and read the deep gratitude therein expressed. When they had gone a little way, and the tramp of the earl's horse was heard in the distance, Julian stopped, and proposed that they should go back and help the man he had wounded.

"No," said Mark. "I guess we'd better let him be. The earl wants to handle him himself. I don't believe the wound's a mortal one."

"Do you think the earl knows him?"

"Don't ask me no questions, Julian. I'm puzzled." The old man shook his head as he spoke, and passed on.

"But what is it that puzzled you, Mark?" asked the youth. "I am puzzled, too. Did you notice how his lordship started and turned pale when he saw me?"

"Yes, I seed it all; but I don't know what it means. And I seed how his lordship acted when he first went up to where Dixon Grunker lay. You didn't see that?"

"No."

"In course you did'nt, for you was lookin' at me lordy just then. But he went up to the villain just as though he'd know'd him afore; and when he spoke to him, not knowin' 'at he was faint, he seemed to feel kind of anxious like that Grunker shouldn't speak afore he thought. But don't ask me no questions, Julian, for I don't know nothin' about it."

The young man gazed upon his companion in surprise.

"You don't think that Sir Thomas Cleaveland can be a bad man," he said.

"I should hope he wasn't; but then a lord may be a bad man just as easy as anybody else. Howsumever, we've got nothin' to do with him, so we'll let him go. Ah—here we come to the old road that used to run to the ruins on the hill. Here's where the ghosts kicked up such merry times a good many years ago. Ye remember this place?"

"Yes—very well."

After this both the men seemed to feel too much interested in their own thoughts to converse further, so they pursued their course in silence. Finally they entered upon an open country, and not far distant, at the foot of a high hill, stood a small cot, with thatched roof, and snug outbuildings. An exclamation of joy came from Julian's lips, as the scene burst upon his view, and even Mark was called from his deep reverie.

"I know this place!" the youth cried. "Oh! how natural it seems. See the old hill, and the great oaks, and the sheep upon the slope. Isn't it natural?"

"It is the old spot," replied Mark, with much emotion. "I was born here—this is HOME. In all the long years I've wandered over the wide world I've never once forgotten this blessed old spot. It's been a sort of anchoring ground for my hopes in times of sickness and trouble. When everything else was dark and threatening I could turn my thoughts to this kind old spot, and think of home, and of my mother, and I'd forget my dangers and trials."

"I've had no home to think of," returned Julian, softly and tenderly, "but I've had a MOTHER. Oh, Mark, I can see her face now, just as I saw it fifteen years ago, and just as I have seen it ever since. It was a heavenly face."

"You're right, me boy. It was the beautifullest face I ever seed. But ye look sad, Julian."

"No—not sad," replied the youth, with an effort to shake off the cloud. "I was thinking—suppose she shouldn't be here."

"Oh—she will. But, see. There's the old dame in the doorway. Do you see her, me boy?"

"Yes. It is your mother, Mark."

"Sartin 'tis. And your mother'll be with her as soon as she knows we're comin.' Don't be uneasy."

Without speaking further the two hurried on, and were soon at the cottage door. Dame Warrenton was slightly bent beneath the weight of four-score years, but still hearty and well, and beaming with love and good will. She recognized her son while he was yet far off, and was weeping with joy when he came up. She held him to her bosom a few moments, and then led him into the cot.

"Now—where is the other mother?" cried Mark, after he had gazed around the little room.

"And this is Julian?" the old lady said, seeming not to notice her son's question, but turning to the youth and taking his hand.

"Yes. I am Julian Glendower," replied our hero. "Should you have known me?"

"Yes—I sartin should," returned the dame.

"Does my mother know we are here?"

"I guess not. But sit down, and rest." The old lady spoke hesitatingly, and like one in trouble. Julian caught at the meaning of it, and sank down with a groan.

"His mother 's here, aren't she?" asked Mark.

"Not now, my son."

"But she got our letter? She knew we was comin'?"

"Yes—she got the letter; but—she aint here now. I'll tell ye all about it, by'm by. Ye'll eat something, now, wont ye?"

"I am hungry."

With this the dame left the room, and when she was gone Julian spoke:

"O, Mark, I have feared this. All the way through the wood—aye, and all the way over the sea—this fear has haunted me!"

"What d'ye mean, me boy?"

"Something has happened to my mother!"

"How d'ye know that? I wouldn't go to conjurin' up such fears afore ye have reason for 'em. Didn't the old dame say 'as she got our letter?"

"Ah—but that was more than six months ago, Mark."

"No, no—ye forget. The Prince Charles only sailed two months afore we did, so our letter couldn't have got here over two months ago. Wait till my mother comes in."

When Dame Warrenton returned she bore a tray in her hands, and when she had prepared the table, she bade her son and his companion to sit up.

"Eat first," she said, as she saw the anxiety upon Julian's face. "Eat first, and then we'll talk about other matters. Ye haven't got anything to be alarmed about, Julian. Set right up here, and take hold. Set right up, and when you've done we'll talk."

Mark obeyed the summons at once, and Julian soon followed his example. But little was said *during the meal, save such questions and answers as passed between the old lady and her son; but* when the cloth had been removed the young man asked, where was his mother.

"I'm goin' to tell ye all I know," said the dame, taking a seat and smoothing down her apron by way of regulating her ideas. "Yer mother came here, safe and sound, three weeks ago yesterday; and here she staid till three days ago. She was never better, and I never see her when she seemed to be any happier. She had heer'd how gallant and brave her son had behaved, and how he had been promoted till he was only second in command of a noble ship, and she was proud and happy. But, as I was tellin' ye—three days ago she went away, and—she hasn't come back."

"Went away?" repeated Julian. "Where did she go?"

"I don't know."

Julian saw that the old lady was not telling all—that she was not giving her plain thoughts—and he bade her speak plainly.

"Tell me the whole," he said. "I would know all, even to your fears or suspicions."

"Aye, aye, mother—out with it," added Mark. "Julian's not the man to put up with minced matters, nor to be frightened at trifles. How can he steer without a clear chart and a good compass?"

"Well," responded the dame, taking off her iron-bowed spectacles, and wiping the glasses with a corner of her neck-kerchief, "I can't tell ye all I wish I could, 'cause I don't know; but I can tell ye this: Margaret Glendower came down here from Scotland, as I told ye, and she staid here till three days ago. It was in the afternoon—nigh on to this time—perhaps a little later—that she put on her light shawl, and said she'd go and take a walk. She went out into the wood, and—I haven't seen her since. I don't know where she went to, nor what has become of her."

Julian was overwhelmed with fear and doubt.

"She wasn't out of her head, was she?" asked Mark.

"Mercy on me, no. She was never better every way."

"But," said Julian, "have you searched for her?"

"Yes."

"And can you find no traces?"

"No," replied the dame. "Adam Nolan—you remember Adam, don't ye?"

"I remember him," said Mark. "He was one of Roland Dean's men."

"Yes," pursued the old lady; "and he's now Sir Roland's woodman. He has the care of all Sir Roland's parks and forests. Well—he was in here, the next mornin' arter Margaret disappeared, and I asked him about her. He said he'd seen some very bad-lookin' men skulkin' 'round the roads for several days, and he said he was sure one of 'em was Dixon Grunker, the North Sea Rover. He's an awful bad man. He was a smuggler once; but he's a great deal worse now. He's a reg'lar pirate. Leastwise so folks say."

"And do you mean that these wretches have got my mother?" cried Julian, with startling energy.

"I don't know, Julian. I was only tellin' what Adam had seen. But Adam 'll be here this evenin', and he may know more."

The youth asked some further questions, but he could gain no further information; and as he was assured that Adam Nolan had been on the search, and would come after supper to report, he made up his mind to wait until the woodman came. He could not enjoy conversation upon tamer subjects now, so he left Mark to tell their adventures, while he went out of doors to calm himself if he could. But there was no calm for that soul under such a weight. He had been living upon the hope of meeting his mother—of seeing that sweet smile, and resting his head upon that fond bosom, once more—he had based all his joys and aspirations upon her supporting and encouraging love—and thus to find the cup dashed from his lips in the very hour when he had thought the blessed draught all his own, was bitter indeed.

"Oh!" he cried, as he sank down upon a stone at the foot of the hill, "this can be no home for me if I find not my mother! My heart shall find no bond here if her love be wanting!"

## CHAPTER III.

### THE OLD RUIN.

Just at sundown Adam Nolan made his appearance at the cot. He was a stout, burly, red-faced, flaxen-haired, good-natured-looking fellow, some forty years of age, with a keen, penetrating glance in his bright blue eye. But little of the Norman could have got mixed up in his blood. His ancestry had surely been Saxon from times far removed, and the family tree had not suffered from exotic scions.

"Har-r! this be old Mark, sure enough," he cried, as he seized the old sailor by the hand.

"Aye, aye, good Adam," Mark returned. "This is I; and, I should sartinly know 'at this was you. By the powers, ye don't grow old a bit, me boy."

"Why should I? But where be little Julian? Eh? Be this he?"

"Yes," replied the youth, taking the woodman's great hand in his own. "And I am glad to see you, Adam. I should have known you, I am very sure."

"But—good Woden! how thou'st grown. Bless me, I'd ne'er 'a know'd thee, Julian. But I ha' heard o' thee, boy—I ha' heard o' thy deeds, brave boy—and I be glad to see thee."

Adam then turned to the old dame, and having saluted her, he took a seat.

"Now, good Adam," said the old lady, "we'll pass over other things, and come right to the business you and I have had in hand. Julian is uneasy and fearful for his mother's sake, and ye know I aint very easy about it."

"Aye," added the youth, moving his stool nearer to the woodman, "if you have learned any thing, pray let me know of it."

"I'll tell thee," returned Adam, gazing first upon the dame, and then upon Mark, and finally fixing his gaze upon the youth. "I ha' hunted some, an' watched a good many movements. I saw my sister Mary jest as I was comin' away, an' she told me her adventure in the wood—how the Rover and his men bound her, and seized her mistress—and how her mistress hied away, and how thou didst smite the huge rogue and save the lovely Emma. By the great Thor, but thou'rt sinewy, brave boy."

Julian would have blushed before the honest fellow's admiring gaze, but he was too eager to learn of his mother, so he simply nodded, and remained silent.

"However," resumed Adam, "I had seen those rogues before. I ha' watched their upcomin's and downgoin's, and ha' seen that they belong to the brig that lays at anchor in Midnight Bay."

"We saw that brig," interrupted Mark—"we saw her spars as we came up from the cove—and we wondered what such a craft could be doin' in there."

"She oe in there for mischief," said the woodman, with a dubious shake of the head. "Dixon Grunker be one o' the worst villains that carries *his head on his shoulders.*"

"But don't the people about here know that the villain is there?" asked Mark, with some surprise.

"Why—we've heard o' this North Sea Rover clear 'way out in India."

"There b'an't many people about here to take a note o' such things."

"But there's the earl, and Sir Roland."

"Aye—I know," returned Adam, with a nod of the head; "but they may be busy about other things. My master be proud and lazy, though good-natured and honest. The earl be young and high, and more full of huntin' an' sportin', an' the likes o' that, than troublin' pirates. Yet it may be strange that the villains b'a'nt taken. However, there they be, an' I've been on their track. They would 'a taken me young leddy if they could, and—I shouldn't wonder if they'd taken——"

"My mother?" whispered Julian, as the woodman hesitated.

"Yes—I'm afraid they have. It must 'a been them."

"But do you know? Have you any proof?"

"I know this: The villains ha' been prowling around here for over a week, and I'm sure they were in the wood on the very afternoon your mother disappeared."

"Then she may be on board their brig," cried the youth, starting from his seat.

"Nay, nay—I think not so," returned Adam. "The rovers are too wise to keep her there. I've had my eye upon another place. The rogues ha' been seen to go up an' down the hill, to an' fro' the old ruin. If they've hid thy mother, I'd sooner think of searchin' for her there than anywhere else."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Julian, starting half way across the floor, and bringing his hands vehemently together; "what can this mean? What can those wretches aim at in thus seizing upon a mild, unoffending, and defenceless woman? What has she done that she should be thus marked out for their wickedness?"

"What had the leddy Emma done?" interposed Adam.

"Aye," resumed Julian, "what had she done? By the heavens above me, these foul fiends shall feel the weight of my arm, if they have done this thing! Let us to the hill at once, and if my mother be there, we shall find her."

"That's my idee," answered Mark, readily.

"And it's the right one," added Adam. "We'll go round by my lodge and get lanterns, and set out at once. They won't be very likely to be much on their guard to-night, for I don't imagine they suspect that they ha' been seen in that region."

The plans for setting out were soon arranged, and Dame Warrenton lent as much assistance as was in her power. She bade Mark to be careful, and not expose himself needlessly, calling him her "boy," and exhibiting all a mother's fondness for a loved child. Julian buckled on his sword, and secured his pistols within his belt, while Mark armed himself in like manner; and when this was done, the three men left the cot. It was already well into the evening, though the beaming stars, in a clear heaven, gave light enough to enable them to find their way without difficulty. They soon struck into the forest, and at the distance of a mile came to the woodman's lodge. It was a well-built, comfortable hut, and, as they approached, three large dogs came out, and commenced to growl, but at a word from their master they returned to their kennels. In a moment more the door was opened, and Adam's good wife made her appearance, with a candle in her hand.

"It's me, Peggy," said the woodman.

She retreated as she heard her husband's voice, and the three followed her into the cot. Peggy was a stout, buxom woman, with flaxen hair and ruddy face, and seemed a fit companion for her mate. When Adam had explained to her the object of their mission, she entered into the spirit of the plan, and seemed proud and happy to see her husband thus engaged in so worthy an enterprise. She thought not of the danger where one of her own sex was to be rescued from villains, or, if she did, she kept it to herself.

Adam Nolan armed himself with a brace of pistols and a short ax, and having procured and lighted two lanterns, one of which he gave to Mark Warrenton, keeping the other himself, the party set forth again.

The hill upon which the ruin stood was close by the sea, the eastern base being washed by the waves, and its summit was about four miles distant from the woodman's lodge. The path to be followed was not a very good one, having been used but little in many years, but Adam knew it well, and bade his companions to follow him without fear of being led astray. The first three miles was through a deep, heavy wood, where it would have been pitchy dark without the lanterns; and even as it was, they were obliged to tread carefully. Adam Nolan might have sped on at a far swifter pace, for he was at home in the tangled forest, but his companions found it more difficult, and he only moved on fast enough to accommodate them. At the end of an hour the way became more difficult still, the path being in many places overgrown with briars and vines; but they pushed on, and finally began to ascend the hill.

"From the looks of this way, I should not suppose that any one had been up here before us," said Julian, as Adam stopped to pull a tangled vine from the path.

"I guess we're the first that ha' traveled it for a year," returned the woodman.

"Then the pirates must have found their way up by another route?"

"Yes. They've a way direct from the bay, which be only on the other side o' the hill. It's a hard way, and one difficult to find, though there be little woods like upon this side, but it's mostly rocks and devious twistin's, and no mortal unacquainted would find it in a month. My father showed it to me many years ago, but I've not used it much."

"But which d'ye s'pose used to be the reg'lar road to the old castle?" asked Mark.

"O—this was it," returned Adam. "Many a year ago, when brave Saxon lords and Norman knights used to hold wassail, and knock each other's brains out for sport, yonder ruin was a stout place, and this road was wide, and horses could prance up and down. The other way, among the rocks, was only a secret passage for escapin' to the sea in case of need. Them was strange times."

Mark admitted that they must have been, and also suggested that there were some strange things in the present. Adam assented to this, and then the party moved on up the steep hill in silence.

After a tedious climbing of an hour longer, the three adventurers stood close by one of the angles of the remains of the old wall. It was a wild, dark-looking mass of ruins. The walls were crumbled, but parts of the bastions were standing, and more than half of the main tower was in its place. Beyond this tower stood portions of the walls of what had been the lord's dwelling, and towards that point the attention of the party was directed.

"It's either in or under there that the rogues must have found a shelter," said the woodman. "There be two rooms in fair order that used to open from the great hall; and then there's any number of cellars, and holes, and dungeons, down in the rock underneath. Them may sometime fill up, but they can never tumble down nor crumble away. Now hide thy lantern, Mark, and we'll move on."

The old sailor concealed the light, beneath the flap of his jacket, and they then commenced to make their way over the rocks and creeping vines. They had gained the court, and were moving stealthily across, when Adam stopped, and touched Julian upon the arm.

"Dost see that?" he whispered, pointing with his finger towards the wall before them.

The young man looked, and saw a faint line of light beyond what seemed to be a window, or doorway.

"They're here sure enough," the woodman continued. "Now let's creep carefully, and we may soon gain a peep at 'em."

The three men moved noiselessly forward, and ere they had reached the wall they heard the sound of voices, as of men engaged in revelry. At length they passed beneath the open arch through which the light had been seen, and beyond they saw another passage, which seemed to lead to a roofed apartment, the one in which they now stood being all open overhead. When they had gained this second place they saw an open space in one corner through which the light flowed in a broad stream, and the voices were now distinct. They crept cautiously forward over the stones and rubbish, and finally gained a point where they could look into the apartment from whence the light came, without being seen by those within. It was an embrasure of some sort, and a lot of vines, which had crept up the wall, formed a curtain over it, through which our three friends could gaze with little trouble.

The apartment beyond was large and high, and near the center stood a stout oaken table, around which sat six men. They were rough, uncouth-looking fellows, and Julian recognized three of them as the ones who had been with Grunker in the forest, and who had fled at the approach of the earl. There were pieces of bread and meat scattered about over the table; but the freebooters had done eating, and were now engaged in drinking and carousing. There were several large flagons before them, and each man has a pewter drinking-cup.

"I' faith," said one of them, as he tossed off a cup of wine, "you should have seen the youngster handle his sword. I thought our big captain was the best man in the kingdom, but may I be starved and go athirst, if the young 'un didn't match him."

"But what in the name of sense does our captain want with these women?" asked a second. "Here we've been layin' idle over a week just for this odd freak of his. What does he mean to do with 'em?"

"I don't know," answered the first speaker. "There's a mystery in it. But then Grunker must have his own way; and I don't know as we should grumble. We've got snug quarters here, and all our care is, to make merry and keep a woman safe and snug."

"That's all very well," said a third man of the number. "The work isn't much, but I don't like the idea of the thing. We'll find ourselves in a trap one of these odd days. It ain't to be expected that we can lay about here as we've been doin' without bein' suspected."

"O—to the shades with your croaking," cried the one who had spoken before. "Come—fill up—and here's a song for ye."

"Hold on!" exclaimed one who had not yet spoken. "I want to know if our captain is likely to leave us."

"What d'ye mean?" asked another.

"Will he die?"

"No—not a bit of it for him this time. We staid till the doctor came, and he said no vital part had been touched. It was the shock of the thing—the hittin' of some tender part—that made him faint."

"But will the earl let him go when he is able?"

"Never fear on that account. Sir Thomas Cleaveland knows which side of the wine-but the biggest hole is on. Now fill up, and let's be merry. I'll give you the 'Bold Buccaneer.'"

They all filled their cups, and as the singer commenced his song, and the others came in with the chorus, keeping time by thumping their drinking-cups upon the table with noisy din, Julian Glendower moved back from the wall, and his companions followed his example. They had not to be so careful now, for the racket within sufficiently overcame all the noise they might be called upon to make.

"My mother is here!" the young man said.

"Thou'rt right there, I'm sure," responded Adam.

"Then we must overcome these fellows at once. If we take them while they are thus carousing, there will be but little difficulty. Beside, we know their business so well, that I should not mind killing them if need be. Is there a door on this side?"

"Yes," said the woodman. "There it is," pointing to the opposite corner from where the vine-covered enclosure was.

"Then what say you—shall we set upon them at once?" asked Julian, who was all anxiety, and eager for the fray.

"I'm ready," said Mark.

"Let's be at 'em, then," added the woodman.

"We cannot spare them if they resist," suggested the youth. "We know their business. Their hand is against their country—they are villains and outlaws. We must remember only my mother and ourselves."

"Don't be afeared o' my sparin' any on 'em," said Mark, drawing his heavy cutlass with his right hand, while he took a pistol in his left.

"But remember that they be reckless and desperate characters," interposed Adam.

"Come on!" spoke Julian. He advanced as he said this, and the woodman came by his side and raised the heavy brazen latch of the door.

"Are you ready?" the latter whispered.

"Ready!" uttered our hero, impatiently.

The door was thrown open, and the three adventurers burst in upon the revelers!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

### THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

The oldest inhabitant's mind is a blank memorandum-book—his head is a wallet "wherein he puts alms for oblivion." His experience convinces him, more and more every day, that New-York is situate on the banks of Lethe. Ask him for the date of an event, and, if of modern occurrence, he has a distinct recollection of having forgotten it; if referable to a remoter period, he forgets whether he remembers it or not. He knows that he is of an ancient family, but cannot, for his life, tell what has become of his ancestors: he conjectures with much shrewdness that his forefathers must be dead. His father, who was a soldier, had been, he thinks, in the same regiment with the celebrated Leonidas, and knew him well. He thinks he can recollect having seen his grandmother when she was a little girl, and is quite positive that his parents died *without issue.* He is puzzled to know when, where, and how he acquired possession of a daughter; and conceives that his son must now be quite old enough to be his own father. He, however, distinctly remembers the events of his boyhood; the name of the head master of his school in those days was the Rev. Cornelius Nepos; one of his shoolfellows was called Alcibiades; he is not certain that Julius Cæsar was in the same class with himself, but he has a vague notion that they were a good deal in each other's company He is confident that he passed a considerable portion of his time, when a lad, at a place called Troy— though he cannot now call to mind the country in which it is situated. His memory belongs rather to the past than to the present, but there are few events that he would not be able to recollect, if he could only call them to mind.

### THE POETRY OF LIFE.

The poetry of life comprises our agreeable sensations, our tendernesses, our magical associations of thought, our spirit-stirring emotions, and our noblest enthusiasms. With the fatiguing realities of our being it has little connexion, but all that is just and generous belongs to it. The indefinable feelings of the soul, the overflowings of the heart, the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," the hallowed recollections of by-gone events, the impressions made by the beautiful and the sublime, the nameless objects that embody themselves in dim outlines on the mind, but of which we can scarcely discern the forms—these compose the poetry of our existence. Its character is strictly ideal: it has little connexion with business, or trade, or traffic, with eating or drinking, or with any of the common occupations which we pursue. It is essence, not gross matter—spirit, not substance.

### BEGINNING THE WORLD.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim: ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern men, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. To be thrown upon one's resources, is to be cast into the very lap of fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously insusceptible.

### THE HEART.

The heart can ne'er forget the object of its affection. The brow may wear a gloomy frown, and the eye may coldly turn on the loved object, but could the vision pierce through the casements of the heart, it would behold a different scene; instead of frowns, it would be all sunshine; in lieu of coldness, a red hot furnace would be raging in its center. And it is thus with its hatred; it cannot forget; you may separate it from the despised—years may roll on ere it beholds its form—but, at the first glance of recognition, the wrong, the insult, the scoff, the cruelty of vanished years will rush like a flood of lava through its channels, and it will stand on the same ground it occupied years before.

ALL the good things of this world are no further good to us as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

## CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1832.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

[These stanzas were written (but not published) on the 31st of December, 1832. In that year Sir Walter Scott and Charles Carroll of Carrollton died, and South Carolina Nullification threatened the dissolution of the American Union.]

Like a swift wave, the dying year
Down time's dark flood has passed,
And its last sigh is lingering now
Upon the sinking blast;
Oh, while it sparkled in the sun,
It mirrored glories one by one,
Too beautiful to last;
And these, lone year, are fled, like thee,
To the dim past's unfathom'd sea.

How many a change is ours—the young,
Like Spring's fresh flowers, have died,
And manhood, like the Summer's flash,
Has faded in his pride;
And aged ones, like withered leaves,
Through which the Autumn tempest grieves,
Have fallen, side by side;
The wild wind wails o'er earth to-day
The dirge of millions passed away.

Even he, the monarch of the heart,
The gifted and the proud,
The wizard of old Scotland's hills,
In common dust is bowed—
He, who on Mind's high steep could stand,
And marshal with his sceptered hand
The whirlwind and the cloud,
And write a name, too bright to die,
In lightning-traces on the sky.

In our own land has fallen one,
Whose fame at Time will mock—
Who set his name to Freedom's scroll,
And dared the battle-shock;
The last of that proud band lies low
That bared their bosoms to the foe,
A living rampart rock,
And stood, the prophets of the free,
At Liberty's Thermopylae.

Gone is our Spartan phalanx now—
In vain were tear and prayer—
But list! their awful voices still
Breathe, burn upon the air!
They ring upon their country's ear
A tone of warning and of fear,
And bid her sons beware,
Nor madly quench the glorious star,
That nations worship from afar.

Time rushes still—another year,
Like that whose tale is told,
Is hurrying wildly past—and what
Will its dark months unfold!
Like bale-fires on a stormy sea,
Visions of blood perchance will be
Upon its chart unrolled;
And strife may whet the sword of doom
E'en on the stone of Carroll's tomb.

A signal in the midnight heavens!
Lo, where yon meteor-gleam
Is flashing from the far-off South
To old Potomac's stream!
Its lurid and portentous smile
Is like that star o'er Patmos's isle,
Seen in the Prophet's dream,
That sank on hill and vale and flood,
And turned earth's waters into blood.

My country, oh my country, pause
Ere guilt has stained thy hand,
Pause 'mid thy perils, and invoke
The God of Freedom's land;
Then if the war-cloud vail thy sun
The Spirit of thy Washington
Upon that cloud will stand,
To scatter its red folds in air
And bend the bow of glory there.

# BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

# PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

"Hurray for Old Wirginy and Kaintuck!" was the simultaneous yells of the scouts.

"Into 'em, boys!" cried Kenton.

"Butcher the brutes!" shouted Wetzel.

"Swaller 'em hull!" screamed Seth.

"Don't leave a grease-spot!" added Washburn.

And forthwith the excited borderers began a regular double shuffle, up and down, and back and forth, over the heated timbers, amid the din of conflict, the crackling flames, and the almost suffocating smoke—a dance in which the suddenly revivified Duke took a most active part.

"Hurray for Old Wirginy and Kaintuck!" every now and then resounded from the gallant scouts; and to this an answering shout was generally given from those who were now so valiantly fighting without for vengeance and their deliverance.

"Golly hebbens! dis here's fun!" yelled Duke. "Gib it to 'em, gentlem'! don't let 'em up de least bit! Just fro 'em down, and broke dar necks, and den took all dar h'ar! Dat's de way as dis pusson allers goes in for fixing such rascals as dem dar—dat is!"

Almost wild with the new excitement of hope, Blanche for some time stood fairly trembling by the side of Eugene, listening to the fierce sounds of conflict—the shouts, screeches, groans and yells—the crack of guns and clash of steel—and then suddenly throwing herself into the arms of her noble companion, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears, faintly murmuring:

"We are saved, Eugene! we are saved! thank God, we are saved!"

"Thank God, indeed!" cried the young Virginian, almost beside himself with bewildering joy, as he for the first time in his life strained the being of his love to his heart.

The engagement, if engagement it could properly be called, was fierce and bloody while it lasted, but lasted not long. The Indians had been completely taken by surprise; and terrified by the fierce onset of overwhelming numbers, they offered but a feeble resistance, and were literally struck down, cut down, shot down, ridden down, and slaughtered in heaps. Of the forty or fifty caught within the enclosure of the palisades, not more than ten escaped from the weapons of the whites—and these only by springing over the steep bluff into the water below, where about half were dashed to pieces by striking an angular rock which lifted its dark head above the stream near the mural shore.

Until the work of slaughter was complete, no one thought of meddling with the bright flames—which, though giving light for the fierce deeds of vengeance, were still imperiling the lives of those imprisoned within the blockhouse; but the moment the fighting ceased, the necessary order was given; and in less than a minute the burning brands were hurled back in every direction, and comparative darkness succeeded.

But even yet our friends were still prisoners; for the fighting and stamping of the frightened horses below, deterred the boldest from venturing down amongst them to remove the fastenings from the door; and it was not till the latter had been forced by a hastily constructed battering-ram, and the animals turned loose into the enclosure, that all could be safely got to the open air; where each at last gave vent to his newly awakened feelings in a manner characteristic of himself.

After a few noisy demonstrations of delight—a few eager questions and hurried answers on both sides, and a few grand shouts for "Old Wirginy and Kaintuck"—the excited scouts, and their equally excited border companions, set to work, in true border fashion, to scalp and plunder every Indian they could find—putting to death all who were discovered with life, with the same bitter vindictiveness that they would have slaughtered so many ravenous wolves.

In this bloody work none were more fierce and eager than Seth; but stopping suddenly, as if struck with an overpowering thought, he started to his feet, gave a wild yell, and was seen to run like one demented through the gate of the enclosure. After a short absence he suddenly re-appeared, yelling most triumphantly, and holding high in air the gory scalp of Ralph Hawley.

"Thar it is!" he shouted; "thar's the hair of the cussed brute I allers swore I war agwine to git! and for which I'd a been willing to gin all the top-knots of all the red niggers I ever seed! Kase why? They only does according to thar nigger natur'; but he war a damnable runnagade, and a disgrace to old Wirginy and Kaintuck."

When at length the bloody work was entirely over, a sort of council of war was held by the officers in command, at which our friends were invited to be present. The delivering force numbered about one hundred men in all, mostly Kentuckians, who had banded together for the purpose of striking a blow against the Indians, which should to some degree be a satisfactory retaliation for their late wanton aggressions.

On their way up the Great Miami, they had encamped some distance below the block-house, but within hearing of the swivel, which had excited no little surprise, and had tended to put them on the alert; and when, shortly after, they had discovered the light of the fire, and believed that some party of whites had got into trouble with their enemies, they had mounted and set forward—quickening their pace as they drew nearer the light and caught the reports of musketry—and coming up in the manner already recorded.

After listening to the statement of our friends, concerning all they knew of the savages, it was finally decided—since one terrible blow had been struck, and the escaped savages would be certain to so alarm the country as to prevent any further surprise—that the return march should be taken to Fort Washington, and their future proceedings be governed by future circumstances.

Accordingly, after collecting their spoil, and decently interring the three or four gallant fellows who had been slain in the action, together with the scout who had fallen in the block-house, they set out homeward, advancing a couple of miles, encamping for the night, and resuming their march on the following morning.

As no further events occurred of any particular interest to the reader, we will no longer continue our story in detail, but give the little that remains to be told in a few words.

On the day following that terrible night which they believed would be their last, Eugene and Blanche, with their border companions, found themselves safely lodged in Fort Washington, which then occupied the site of the present flourishing city of Cincinnati. Here, after remaining a few days, and finding themselves continually greeted with the warmest cordiality, they took leave of their new friends and old, and, accompanied by Seth and Duke, embarked on a boat descending to the Falls of the Ohio, where in due time they arrived in safety, and thence proceeded to Fort Bertrand, where Blanche was received with that loving welcome which two loving parents might be expected to bestow upon their only and idolized daughter.

Upon hearing from Blanche the heart-thrilling statement of her sufferings, and the noble manner in which she had been rescued through the efforts of Seth and Eugene, Colonel Bertrand declared, with tears in his eyes, that he should always be compelled to remain their debtor, notwithstanding all he might be able to do in providing them with such means as would enable them henceforth to live a life of independence.

"But you must do more than that, father!" said Blanche, playfully taking his hand; "at least for one of the two!"

"And what is that, child? Speak out! I am now in the mood to grant any favor you may ask."

"Then," said Blanche, extending her other hand to Eugene, which he took with trembling confusion, "you must consent to be a father to him who has been more than a brother to me!"

"What—what—does this mean?" almost gasped Eugene.

"It means," she replied, "that I now freely give my hand to him who has long held my heart! Many times, at the risk of your own life, you have nobly sought to save mine; and gratitude, at least, if no other feeling, should give you this poor return; but lest your sensitive nature should shrink from the idea of gratitude alone, let me add, that you have all for which you may have hoped; and that the rest of my life shall with pleasure be devoted to the pleasure of one whom I not only esteem but love!"

"Ah, indeed, my proud Blanche! is it even so?" said her father, gaily, while Eugene, trembling and amazed, was unable to utter another syllable.

"It is even so with your proud Blanche!" was the playful rejoinder.

"Then," added the colonel, clasping their hands in his, "let me have the pleasure of ratifying a contract which I know will make you both happy!"

Brilliant, for that period and location, was the wedding which made Blanche Bertrand the happy wife of Eugene Fairfax; and through the long life which Heaven kindly gave to each, there never came a time when either regretted the union; and upon the broad lands once their father's, their descendants live to-day in peace and prosperity.

Upon Seth Harper, for his gallant conduct, Colonel Bertrand bestowed a grant which made him independent of his perilous vocation; though he continued to follow it for a number of years, and then settled down to quiet life; often rehearsing his exploits and adventures, and declaring to the last:

"That the two happiest minutes he'd ever seed, war when he'd got the Cunnel's darter quite clar o' the red niggers' clutches, and his own on to the hair of the runnagade Hawley! Yes, that thar war a p'inted fact!"

Of the other gallant scouts who took part in the eventful rescue of Blanche Bertrand, it is only necessary to add, that all occupy a more or less prominent position in the history of the Border Struggles; and we therefore refer any who may be curious concerning them, to the printed records which state how well and nobly they served their country in later times.

As for Duke, he lived to a good old age with his new master and beloved mistress, serving them much better in a domestic capacity than he had in the one which called for more physical courage than his timid nature possessed. But he always boasted of his exploits, and generally wound up by saying:

"You see dat dar's a clar case, dat is. If I's hadn't a headed off de Injuns two or free times, dar'd a been no Marse Eugene nor Miss Blanche for dis pusson to serb in his old age. Dat dar's just de cl'ar truth, dat is."

THE END.

## THE WORKBOX'S MISSION.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

"Large oaks from little acorns grow."

"Dear me!" sighed Elvira Powers, as she arose from the desk at which, for some time, she had sat rapidly writing. "Dear me! I do wonder if ever *I* shall be married. Here go my cousins, one after another, as fast as they come of age, and even before. Adel is only nineteen years old, while I, at twenty-four, have never had one lover—one that I loved, I mean. I think it is too bad. I don't want to be an old maid, and by-and-by find myself alone in the world, with no one to love me. I'm afraid there is a fate in it. All my schoolmates are settled long ago, but there isn't a man among their husbands that I'd have married, to save my life. Why? Is it because I think I'm too good for common men? Not at all. The simple and only reason is, they never could have made me love them. Ah, me! have I no magnet in the world? Well, well, if I haven't I must try to be content; but I do hope, if ever I find my magnet, the attraction will be mutual. Now I must hurry and pack my trunk, for I ought to start for D. by four o'clock, in order to be sure to be in season for Adel's wedding. Heigh ho! 'Tis the fifth wedding I've attended within a year."

Elvira was a fine, healthy girl, of good temper and disposition, and of lady-like appearance. She had not passed thus far through life unobserved nor unappreciated, but as yet no man who possessed the charm which could win her heart had approached her.

Elvira from her musing went quickly to work. And first she would dust and set to rights her chamber, for she never liked to go from home leaving disorder behind her.

It was the latter part of November, and a light snow shower had, within a few hours, fallen whitely over the city.

Elvira's window-sills needed brushing, and she opened the window to sweep away the snow. Her workbox (of curious workmanship, and filled with ten hundred small articles) sat upon the window-sill, inside. A careless motion of Elvira's arm caught her sleeve in a corner of the box, and before she could save it, out of the window it went, and made a rapid descent to the paved yard.

"Oh, *dear!*" screamed Elvira, and the same instant the box struck. My! what a scattering was there. The box and the lid instantly parted company, and hours of labor could not have made such a wide-spread division of the materials in the various compartments.

One moment of dismay—of standing with clasped hands, and under lip drawn in, and then Elvira caught her hood, and ran down to pick up the things.

"More haste less speed," she said, as she descended the stairs. "Mother always says that nothing ever takes place without a design. I'd just like to know what design there is in permitting such an accident as this when I'm in such a hurry. It may be the way in which I'm to take my death, bothering there in the cold snow."

We will leave Elvira in the yard, and run hastily round the corner. In a great marble-fronted hotel, up stairs, there sits, musing over the fire, a gentleman some thirty years of age. He has in his hand a daguerreotype likeness of a lady.

For a long time his gaze has been fixed upon the picture, and now he sighs heavily and closes it.

"Why did she die?" he said, mournfully, as he replaced the small memento in his vest. "How different had my life been, had I not lost her. But why need I forever look upon the past? Mignon is happy now—she mourns not for me. She would not feel injured were I to try to find happiness with another, could I but find any other that I could love, at least, with *something* of the same affection that I felt for her. I wish that I could find a woman who could draw my thoughts away from their perpetual yearning for the dead. Dwelling in sepulchres is not, *should* not be appointed to the living," and Mr. Arantine arose and moved listlessly toward the window. What a fine form he had; what a noble head and brow. His face was not handsome, perhaps, but it was better than that. It was a face to look upon and love, and to remember till you died. No woman of true soul could have looked into that face, into those eyes, without feeling that to love and be loved by *him* was to find shelter, rest and peace. He lifted the window of his room and looked out. What a prospect for a man in the blues. Nothing to be seen but back yards, and dead or sleeping grapevines. He was about to turn away when his motions were arrested by an exclamation of "Oh, *dear!*" in a tone of the utmost vexation.

He glanced across to the window opposite, and there stood, with clasped hands and disturbed countenance, a young girl before him. He started violently as he looked upon her. Who could she be? Never had he seen such a likeness to the picture of her who slept.

While he gazed spell-bound upon the maiden, she disappeared. Lost in a confusion of sensations, Arantine stood motionless till he saw the stranger spring singing down the steps of her house, and stoop to pick up something that lay scattered in the snow. Her voice, too—that was an echo of the voice of Mignon. Who *could* she be?

He watched her all the while she remained in the yard, and before she had finished gathering up her things, had come to an understanding of what had occasioned her outcry.

As she uttered a satisfied "There!" on rising with the restored workbox, Arantine involuntarily smiled. It seems to be a universal impulse to look up and sweep the whole view of surrounding windows as one passes up or down the walks of one's own yard, and Elvira yielded to this impulse just before she stepped upon the steps to go into the house. From one of the hotel windows she saw gazing down upon her a face, the sight of which caused her instantly to stop. Then, in confusion because of her own action, and because of the feeling of surprise and pleasure that she was conscious had painted its quick colors on her face, she darted up the steps and into the house. Hurrying to her own room, she tried, from behind the almost closed blinds, to catch another glimpse of the face whose one vision had done more and stranger things to her than had all the others that she had looked upon. But it was gone, and the window was closed. Her time was very precious now, and she could watch no more. But all that day, while she packed her things, and while she was whirled along by the iron horse, she seemed to be in a dream of that face, those eyes, that smile, that had beamed upon her like a revelation from above. At night she did dream, sure enough, and it was from the sky, instead of from a hotel window, that the face looked down.

But the next morning when she arrived at her aunt's residence, and fell into the eager and delighted embraces of her cousins, all recollection of past events were driven out of her head by the excitement of those that were present.

The wedding was to take place the next day, and there were to be many strangers, friends of the bridegroom, present. Oh! there was to be a great time, and everybody had plenty to do to get ready for it.

The wedding evening and the wedding guests came; and when her cousins had declared themselves perfectly satisfied with the appearance of Elvira, they led her in to introduce her to several of their friends who were strangers to her.

What ailed Elvira's eyes? They were dazzled as if by a glance at the sun, and hardly would her choking surprise permit her to reply to his astonished salutation, when, in the very first person to whom she was introduced, Mr. Arthur Arantine, she discovered the man whose face she had seen gazing down upon her from the hotel window. He was to be groomsman, and to join the wedding party, of which Elvira also made one.

What need to relate more of this story. The workbox had fulfilled its chief mission. Neither Elvira nor Arantine ever complained of having none who could attract them. In the spring there was another wedding, and we hope that the happiness of that vernal day continues with the bride and bridegroom still.

## PUNNING.

BY AN OLD AUTHOR.

Puns may be divided into different classes: they may be made in different ways, introduced by passing circumstances, or by references to by-gone events; they may be thrown in *anecdotically*, or conundrumwise. It is to be observed that feeling, or pity, or commiseration, or grief, are not to stand in the way of a pun—that personal defects are to be made available, and that sense, so as the sound answers, has nothing to do with the business.

If a man is pathetically describing the funeral of his mother or sister, or wife, it is quite allowable to call it a "black-*burying* party," or to talk of a "fit of *coffin*;" a weeping relative struggling to conceal his grief may be likened to a commander of "*private tears*;" throw in a joke about the phrase of funerals *performed*;" and re-*hearsed*; and wind up with the anagram *real fun*, funeral.

Personal deformities or constitutional calamities are always to be laid hold of. If anybody tells you that a dear friend has lost his sight, observe that it will make him more hospitable than ever, since now he would be glad *to see anybody*. If a clergyman breaks his leg, remark that he is no longer a clergyman, but a *lame man*.

A man falling into a tan-pit you may call "sinking into the *sublime*;" a climbing boy suffocated in a chimney meets with a *sootable* death; and a pretty girl having caught the small-pox is to be much *pitted*. On the subject of the ear and its defects, talk first of something in which *a cow sticks*, and end by telling the story of a man who, having taken great pains to explain something to his companion, at last got into a rage at his apparent stupidity, and exclaimed "Why, my dear Sir, don't you comprehend? the thing is as plain as A, B, C." "I dare say it is," said the other; "but I am D, E, F."

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words for the purposes of quibbleism. For instance, in the way of observation:—The loss of a hat is always *felt*;—if you don't like sugar you may *lump* it;—a glazier is a *panes*-taking man;—candles are burnt because *wick*-ed things always come to *light*;—a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her *carriage*, and you say "nunc est *ridendum*" when you step into it; if it happen to be a chariot, she is a *charitable* person;—bird's-nests and King-killing are synonymous, because they are *high trees on*. The greatest fibber is the man most to *re-lie* upon. Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the sun of *Nun*;—your grandmother and great-grandmother were your *aunt's sisters*;—races are matters of *course*. An ass never can be a horse, although he may be a *mayor*; a baker makes bread when he *kneads* it; a doctor cannot be a doctor all at once, because he comes to it dy *degrees*;—a man hanged at the Tombs has taken a *drop* too much;—the *bridle* day is that on which a man leads a woman to the *halter*: never mind the aspirate; punning's all fair, as the archbishop said in the dream.

Puns interrogatory are at times serviceable You meet a man carrying a hare: ask him if it is his own *hare*, or a wig?—there you stump him. Why is a man murdering his mother in a garret a worthy person? Because he is *above* committing a crime.—Instances of this kind are innumerable; and if you want to render your question particularly pointed, you are, after asking it once or twice, to say, "D'ye give it up?"—then favor your friends with the solution.

Puns scientific are effective whenever a scientific man or men are in company, because, in the first place, they invariably hate puns, especially those which are capable of being twisted into jokes which have no possible relation to the science of which the words to be joked upon are terms; and because, in the next place, dear, laughing girls, who are wise enough to be sages, will love you for disturbing the self-satisfaction of the philosophers, and raising a laugh or titter at their expense.

Where there are three or four geologists of the party, if they talk of their scientific tours made to collect specimens, call the old ones "ninny-hammers," and the young ones "chips of the old block;" and then inform them that claret is the best specimen of *quartz* in the world. If you fall in with a botanist who is holding forth, talk of the quarrels of flowers as a sequel to the loves of the plants, and say they decide their differences with *pistils*. In short, sacrifice everything to the pursuit of punning, and, in the course of time, you will acquire such a reputation for waggery, that the whole company will burst into an immoderate fit of laughing if you only ask the servant for bread, or say "No" to the offer of a cutlet.

THOSE who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity; but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others.

UNWILLINGLY does the mind digest the evils prepared for it by others; for those we prepare ourselves, we eat but the fruit which we have planted and watered.

### THE MAIDEN OF THE BELFRY.

Within the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of a small town in Tipperary, Ireland, a woman of prepossessing deportment, with a beautiful infant at her bosom, was discovered on a cold autumnal morning crouching in the belfry of the ruinous parish-church. She was pale, silent, and totally abstracted from every earthly object but the sleeping little beauty in her arms. The hospitable inhabitants of the town brought her food and raiment, and warmly tendered her a shelter from the rude inclemency of the time beneath their homely roofs. She preferred, however, abiding in the solitude of the old belfry, and her woes were forever buried in her own heart. At midnight she was often heard singing some strange melody in a low, plaintive tone, as she walked with hurried steps across the moldering parapet of the little tower.

The child grew up and prospered, and at the age of sixteen was said to be a wonder of beauty by those who had accidentally seen her when gazing on the passengers, who daily forded the river that laved one side of the gray and dilapidated church. Her rigid, but loving mother, never suffered her to descend the winding steps which led to the grass-covered chancel. She deemed her too fair to be exposed to the rude gaze of the daring young men who dwelt in the environs, and the maid passed her childhood and youth without once straying from the brink of the old belfry. Young Mary's beauty was her bane. She bemoaned her fate, and earnestly implored her careful mother to bless her with a single hour's liberty, to wander among the fair fields and green woods that smiled around her desolate habitation. But the solitary woman was inexorable. She wept while she denied the prayers of her child, and spoke of the world's crimes, from which she said they were happily set apart, until her heart overflowed with the remembrance of her past griefs, and Mary forgot her own desires in assuaging the mental anguish of her beloved mother.

At length a young man, who was the pride of the flourishing family of the Strahans, saw young Mary at the casement of the belfry, and was so charmed with the beauty of her countenance, that in the warmth of his heart he vowed to win her love, and woo her from her dismal abode, in spite of every impediment. By dint of continual and most acute watching he at length attracted her wandering gaze, and the interest he seemed to feel for the innocent and kind-hearted maiden produced a strange but delightful sensation in her heart. They soon understood the full extent of each other's hopes and fears, and mutually endeavored to invent some plan whereby they might obtain a parley. The wary mother observed an alteration in young Mary's manner, and watched her more narrowly, and confined her more closely, if it were possible, than before. But the most simple woman in love is an over-match for the wisest and most crafty of parents. Mary contrived to elude the suspicious eye of her mother, and by the aid of a stout rope which she fixed to the stone bars of the casement, Strahan ascended nightly to its verge. Their young hearts were soon linked to each other by the strongest ties of pure, unjaded, youthful love. The maid thought of nothing but Strahan during the day, and he lingered about the weeds and brambles that waved over the tombs of the old aisles, happy to be near his love, and listening in anxious expectation for the usual melodious signal which summoned him to the base of the tower.

The affair could not long remain in this state. One night the mother detected Strahan in the act of ascending to the belfry by his usual contrivance, and to his infinite alarm thrust out a rusty sword-blade above his head when he was within a few yards of the window, and at an immense distance from the ground. She interrogated him as to his motives and desires, and insisted, as he valued his life, on a full and unequivocal reply. The young man honestly confessed his name and intentions, and moreover avowed that he had communed with the maiden at the casement for many preceding nights. The mother's blood flowed rapidly to her heart as he spoke. She feared the worst, and fiercely brandishing the sword-blade above the youth's grasp, threatened in a tone of stern resolution to cut the cord asunder unless he solemnly swore by the most holy vow, and upon the cross in his bosom, to marry her child at day-break. The youth joyfully assented; and at his pressing request, the weeping and terrified Mary approached the casement, and there contracted herself to him by the most sacred ceremony of breaking bread and parting silver together.

The next day a priest pronounced the nuptial benediction upon them, and the old woman soon after died in the belfry, without imparting a single particular of her history even to her child. Various were the surmises in which the curious neighbors indulged; but whatever they thought of the mother, Mary was idolized by all.

### THE SECRET.

"I noticed," says Dr. Franklin, "a mechanic among others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile, for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him, one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his happy flow of spirits. 'My secret, doctor' he replied, 'is that I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

### THE LOWER CLASSES.

Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility. No matter if they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely upper circles in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure for the great man and high souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there be a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without being anything in and of themselves.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

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### PERSONAL DISTINCTION.

Many a young man of sturdy native powers, thinking to start out for fame and fortune in the world, is discouraged or dissuaded from the attempt, by the apparent difficulty in our day of achieving personal distinction. This is all wrong. It is as easy now as it ever was for man to make his mark—his *useful* mark—on his times and the ages. It is, indeed, very true, that reputations are not in our day to be made so colossal, for the simple reason that the period is long—and we trust forever—past, when the custody of intellect, in its expression, was given to a few, while the masses of mankind were a level, barren waste of mental silence and ignorance. He who arises now to a Homeric or Newtonian fame, must reach even a loftier attitude than Homer's or Newton's, for they, and many more of the intellectual Titans of the past, occupy the hight on which they were placed and demi-deified when the world was in comparative darkness, and when accomplishments and achievements, which are now of every day occurrence and are *no longer deemed wonderful, were infrequent*, and therefore considered almost miraculous.

A man now may not acquire so lordly a name nor so potent an influence, but, relatively to the advanced and universal intelligence of the world, he may as surely achieve distinction as though his work were cast in a darker age. Thousands of men are now achieving grandly where one achieved in the olden time, and for this reason personal distinction seems more difficult. Yet it is not really so. Whatever is eminently well thought or done, is better, and far more widely appreciated in our day, than it would have been centuries agone—for it meets the quick recognition of a vastly wiser and more tolerant and generous intelligence. Multitudes of men throughout the civilized world are now giants in thought and action, where of old there was only here and there a mind of mark. He who rises to pre-eminence in these times, must therefore climb past legions of minds of mark—he must become the very "Cheops" of pyramids, the "Cleopatra's needle" of columns, and the "Parthenon" of temples.

Where and when all men are free—or freer than ever before—to manifest themselves, and all are thinkers, talkers, inventors, philosophers, politicians, statesmen, social reformers, theologians, or whatever else is pertinent or possible to any man, no one must expect to exalt himself *above* all the world as easily as some did when the thinkers and leaders were few. The movement now is not of one giant in the multitude, but rather a race of a multitude of giants. Nevertheless, the equally clever thing done now is indorsed by more intellect than ever before in the history of man. The world does not pause so long at the achievement of one man, nor make so great ado over it, simply because alll men, comparatively, are achieving. Let no young man halt from his inspiration because of great things done, and great names past. *What man has done man always can do*, and the later a man is born into the world, the older the world is for his benefit, and the fuller and richer it is in experience and examples for his guide and encouragement.

### THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

If human science, and skill and courage, shall succeed in underwiring the Ocean, so that hemisphere can talk with hemisphere, and the Earth be no longer known by its map of continents and quarters of the globe, but as one vast dwelling-place of a united and fraternizing humanity, then will man have achieved the grandest work ever accomplished under the sun. The fame of the builders of pyramids, of olden Colossi, of the aqueducts of "Almighty Rome," of temples, columns, and Coliseums, and even the glory of the labors of mythic Hercules, must dwindle before this latest, this most Titanic of human toils and triumphs—the Ocean Telegraph. Even while we write, the wondrous cable, that is to bind together the nations, and bear from zone to zone the rich commerce of human thought, and the mighty record of the world's daily life, is gliding downward to its place of rest in the deep—gliding over dark and awful spaces where eye of man hath never seen, but through which the mind of man shall henceforth ride on the lightning's wing. Marvelous work, if indeed it should be accomplished. With quick-beating heart the world awaits the issue, which we pray may be successful. And when done, who shall say that God has not given man dominion over the earth and under the sea?

MR. COBB's new Sea Story will be capital reading for the "heated term." In perusing it, one soon forgets musquitoes, heat, dust, and all the other annoyances of the season.

### CITY OR COUNTRY?

Thousands of young men are migrating annually from the rural districts, to try their fortunes in our cities and dense communities. Thousands more are looking forward to a similar hegira, and are being specially educated and prepared therefor. And all this class are of what are considered the "smartest boys," the "hope and pride" of the family. The far-off city, of which they hear most oriental stories, possesses a power of fascination that is quite irresistible to the aspiring rustic. He thinks and dreams of gaiety and gold, of a life of luxury and pleasure, of moving to and fro on almost fairy steeds and in aerial chariots, along pavements lined with palaces and bazaars, from whence dak-eyed beauties smile upon him, more lovely than the houris. He lies down at night tired of the old homestead, the good, honest old farm, with a near-by school-house and church, and homes of many kindred, companions and true friends, and he wakes in the morning with a freshened disgust for his homely, monotonous life.

To the city he must and will go—and to the city, finally, he does go. He has fair natural talent and fair education; he has an outfit that has drained, perchance, the paternal purse, and, above all, he has a thousand blessings, prayers and God-speeds, from the family who part with him sadly. Alas! for this too frequently mistaken, and henceforth miserable youth. He finds, but too quickly, that he has abandoned a dear, sheltering and protecting home, where all loved and cared for him; where he was known and respected by all the community; where he might have risen to usefulness and distinction, living a peaceful and honored life, and dying, have had sincere friends to weep and strew flowers upon his grave—for what? For a place among strangers—a dense crowd of struggling, grasping, competing, self-occupied souls, with and against whom he must war with all his powers to gain even a foot-hold and the morsel that will sustain life. A drudge and slave, toiling—if so fortunate as to find room for toil—from "early morn till dewy eve," for the barest privilege of subsistence. The palace and bazaar once beautiful in his dream, become as hideous as so many barracoons, and of fairy steeds and aerial chariots, they are as perspective as the lightest clouds that float on the horizon.

Yet he is too proud or too blind to retrieve himself by going back to the country, and he gropes on, honestly and virtuously, perhaps, in his wretchedness, but more likely becomes reckless, dissipated and vicious, and often has it been the case that he has ended his great sorrow by the thrust of a dagger, a pistol shot, poison, or a plunge in the dark waters. This is no fancy picture, but one that is being constantly realized. Here and there a country youth comes to the city and succeeds, but far oftener the talent that would have adorned the farm and honored the rural district, is swept to destruction by the boisterous tide of city life. He who comes or thinks to come hither, must expect a fiercer competition than the country knows anything about. Here it is sharp to sharp, flint to flint, diamond to diamond. It is a struggle without cessation, a competition without mercy. If the rustic feels that he can stand the hottest fire and face the shrillest music, he may venture on the city's battle of life—otherwise, let him be content with his honest country sphere and his happy country home. He who comes hither to make his mark without having *one of three things, wealth, powerful friends, or superabounding talent*, comes, in nine cases out of ten, to die without having a head-stone to mark his grave.

### PERSONAL.

We take pleasure in copying the following notice of the LEDGER from a leading and influential paper like the *Louisville (Ky.) Journal*:—

"One distinguishing merit of the 'LEDGER' as a family paper deserves especial attention. We allude to the fact that it never has a sentence or a word that a father or a daughter might not properly read to the family circle. Though many of its tales are full of wild adventure and thrilling incidents, it never contains one word in relation to elopements, seductions, or anything else calculated to suggest voluptuous thoughts, or excite prurient imaginations. In this important respect, it is absolutely perfect. All its influences are pure and beneficent. It is at once the most entertaining and the most faultless of periodicals."

*Harper's Weekly* has the following on the same subject:—

"We presume the subscription list of the LEDGER to be unequaled in the world. No small share of this success must, of course, be ascribed to the surprising energy displayed by the proprietor in advertising his sheet. But it is due to truth to say, that the matter contained in the LEDGER is admirably adapted for promiscuous reading. A high moral tone pervades the whole paper, and never, for the sake of a caustic paragraph or a piquant story, is anything admitted to its columns which could offend fastidious taste The whole enterprise exhibits a striking degree of judgment and tact. We have no hesitation, indeed, in saying—whatever the public impression on the subject may be—that all the advertising in the world could not have made the LEDGER succeed as it has done, had it not hit the average requirements of the popular mind."

### CREDITS.

Who employ the poor? The rich, certainly. Do they pay punctually? By no means. They are engaged, or out, or two or three cents a day are to be deducted, or they have no change, and the poor creditor must call again. What is the consequence? If they call too soon, or too often, "they are in a deuce of a hurry, and are not fit to work for gentlemen;" and if they do not call, they are not paid; and as the poor man and his family must live, he must run in debt for food and clothing. The poor man is creditor to one rich man, and debtor to another. Has he as much power over his debtor as his creditor has over him? No such thing. The rich man, if sued, can go to trial, quibble about laying a brick, or the planing of a board, and after a continuance of a year or two, the poor man has lost in cost more than the amount of his demand. But in the meantime he has been sued, and not having the means of quibbling and postponing, execution comes speedily out, and he is ruined and perhaps becomes a drunkard, while his family lies in an alms-house; and those laws are equal which produce such results every day! Why are they called equal? Because those who make them do not feel the evils they cause, and christen them according to their good effect in behalf of the makers.

### FACT VERSUS THEORY.

Is it a love for one's own opinion, or an unselfish veneration for what we consider the innermost truth, despite all contrary seeming, that makes so many Fourierite philosophers stick, like grim death to a dead carcass, to their theories, after everybody else sees them utterly exploded? We leave our readers to answer the question; but the subject recalls an anecdote of Sir Humphrey Davy, the illustrious chemist. When a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had as yet suffered nothing, he held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refuted by a crab who bit his toe when bathing, and made him roar loud enough to be heard half a mile off. The advocates of Fourierism and the enemies of the marriage relation can draw their own inference.

## FRESH FERN LEAVES

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### A LAW MORE NICE THAN JUST.

NUMBER II.

After all, having tried it I affirm, that nothing reconciles a woman quicker to her feminity, than an experiment in male apparel, although I still maintain that she should not be forbidden by law to adopt it when necessity requires; at least, not till the practice is amended by which a female clerk, who performs her duty equally well with a male clerk, receives less salary, simply because she is a woman.

To have to jump on to the cars when in motion, and scramble yourself on to the platform as best you may without a helping hand; to be nudged roughly in the ribs by the conductor with, "your fare, sir?" to have your pretty little toes trod on, and no healing "beg your pardon," applied to the smart; to have all the nice-looking men who used to make you such crushing bows, and give you such insinuating smiles, pass you without the slightest interest in your coat-tails, and perhaps push you against the wall, or into the gutter, with a word tabooed by the clergy. In fine, to dispense with all those delicious little politenesses, (for men are great bears to each other,) to which one has been accustomed, and yet feel no inclination to take advantage of one's corduroys and secure an equivalent by making interest with the "fair sex," stale to you as a thrice-told tale. Isn't *that* a situation?

To be subject to the promptings of that unstifleable feminine desire for adornment, which is right and lovely within proper limits, and yet have no field for your operations. To have to conceal your silken hair, and yet be forbidden a becoming moustache, or whiskers, or beard—(all hail beards, I say!) To choke up your nice throat with a disguising cravat; to hide your bust (I trust no Miss Nancy is blushing) under a baggy vest. To have nobody ask you to ice cream, and yet be forbidden, by your horrible disgust of tobacco, to smoke. To have a gentleman ask you "the time, sir?" when you are new to the geography of your watch-pocket. To accede to an invitation to test your "heft," by sitting down in one of those street-weighing chairs, and have one of the male bystanders, taking hold of your foot, remark, "Halloo, sir, you must not rest those upon the ground while you are being weighed;" and go grinning away in your coat-sleeve at your truly feminine faux pas.

And yet—and yet—to be able to step over the ferry-boat chain when you are in a distracted hurry, like any other fellow, without waiting for that tedious unhooking process, and quietly to enjoy your triumph over scores of impatient-waiting crushed petticoats behind you; to taste that nice lager beer "on draught;" to pick up contraband bits of science in Medical Museums, forbidden to crinoline, and hold conversation with intelligent men, who supposing you to be a man, consequently talk sense to you. That is worth while.

Take it all in all, though, I thank the gods I am a woman. I had rather be loved than make love; though I could beat the makers of it, cut and out, if I did not think it my duty to refrain out of regard to their feelings, and the final disappointment of the deluded women! But, oh dear, I want to do such a quantity of "improper" things, that there is not the slightest real harm in doing. I want to see and know a thousand things which are forbidden to flounces—custom only can tell why—I can't. I want the free use of my ankles, for this summer at least, to take a journey; I want to climb and wade, and tramp about, without giving a thought to my clothes; without carrying about with me a long procession of trunks and boxes, which are the inevitable penalty of feminity as at present appareled. I hate a Bloomer, such as we have seen—words are weak to say how much; I hate myself as much in a man's dress; and yet I want to run my fingers through my cropped hair some fine morning without the bore of dressing it; put on some sort of a loose blouse affair—it must be pretty, though—and a pair of Turkish trousers—*not* Bloomers—and a cap, or hat—and start; "nary" a trunk—"nary" a bandbox. Wouldn't that be fine? But propriety scowls and says, "aint you ashamed of yourself, Fanny Fern?" *Yes, I am*, Miss Nancy. *I am* ashamed of myself, that I haven't the courage to carry out what would be so eminently convenient, and right, and proper under the circumstances. I am ashamed of myself that I sit like a fool on the piazza of some hotel every season, gazing at some distant mountain, which every pulse and muscle of my body, and every faculty of my soul, are urging me to climb, that I may "see the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them." I *am* ashamed of myself that you, Miss Nancy, with your uplifted forefinger and your pursed-up mouth, should keep me out of a dress in which only I can hope to do such things. Can't I make a compromise with you, Miss Nancy? for I'm getting restless, as these lovely summer days pass on. I'd write you such long accounts of beautiful things, Miss Nancy—things which God made for female as well as male eyes to see; and I should come home so strong and healthy, Miss Nancy—a freckle or two, perhaps—but who cares? O-h—n-o-w, Miss Nancy, d-o.—Pshaw! you cross old termagant. May Lucifer fly away wid ye.

FANNY FERN.

### WEATHER-MAKERS.

"I hope it will rain," says the farmer whose fields are parched, or "the earth needs sunshine," says he whose corn is dwindled and yellowed by colds and damps—and so every man has his own selfish gauge for the weather, and fancies he could regulate it a little better than the ruler of the seasons—than God himself. If he, the grumbling wisher for rain or sunshine, were the only person on God's earth, he might fix the weather to *suit himself*, but we doubt even then, unless his science were raised to prescience and his skill to perfection, if he could manufacture or wish his own weather as wisely as God decrees it. This foolish, egotistic spirit is quite universal among men—aye, among even professing Christians, whose faith should teach them, if nothing else can, that God is wiser than man, and that "He doeth *all* things well." Man everywhere, as regards God's provision for him, is very like the shoemaker, of limited knowledge and very narrow views, who was elected to the Legislature. Not a bill could come up, but up popped Crispin with an amendment for the benefit of his special craft—or rather, for his own benefit. He saw little or nothing to legislate for except his own little shop and shoe-bench. So with the "I hope" class, they would have God shape the weather, (and other things in the same spirit,) not for the whole earth, but to suit their notions about their petty cornfields and turnip patches.

A "DIG" AT THE PRESIDENT.—The Washington Union, the President's organ, in a recent article, said that the *family* is the corner stone of the State. The writer must have forgotten that the President is an inflexible bachelor.

### BURY YOUR LOST FRIENDSHIPS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Among Miss Muloch's many very just—and some slightly unjust—"Thoughts about Woman," I find this golden charge, which I would write upon my own heart, and the hearts of all woman and mankind—"Bury your lost friendships solemnly and silently."

We can be true—we men and women—faithful in every good word and work, so long as the one we love is loyal and loving, but we are not magnanimous. When we receive one cruel thrust after another in the house of our friends, we turn away from the threshold with no bowed head, nor kindly mantle, nor "Forgive them, Father," but bear our uncovered wounds with a proud bitterness through the midst of the people. When a tale of unmistakable treachery has burned its way, at last, into our belief, we do not quench its intensity with our tears, and then force it away, inch by inch, into the soul's blessed Lethe, but we make an altar to it, and feed its flame each day with oil of wormwood. When we waken some bright morning, and find the beautiful friendship of yesterday lying cold and stark upon our breasts, we do not fold our warm arms about it, and call it by the old pet names that, if so be a spark is left, we may bring back the darling life; but we cast it far from us, like an unclean thing—deny it even the sweet rites of sepulture; and so, in after years, when the wrong and shock are softened into a tender memory, we have no green rounded turf whereon to grow our daisies and forget-me-nots.

Bury your lost friendship *solemnly*. It is no light thing, this death in your heart. It is not the friendship, but the friend, who has wronged you. Friendship is always great and true. Only that form of it which you two fashioned and decorated is dead. The pure spirit went out because the temple and its hospitalities were not befitting. Perhaps the doors and windows were kept close and dark, lest some outside attraction should woo and win the angel. Friendship loves the light, and scorns captivity. Perhaps his wings were clipped, to force him into habits of domesticity, as if the very first use he made of a sure growth would not be a long, strong flight, that knoweth no shadow of turning. Perhaps he was worn out with constant drafts upon his forbearance and ministration. Friendship is long-suffering, abounding in tender mercies, but constant dropping weareth even the stone. Perhaps he wearied of protestations and questionings. Friendship is eloquently still, and cherishes a great faith. Perhaps he sickened of selfism and spite. Friendship is self-abnegating and noble. Perhaps it made him nervous to walk always upon the eggs of distrust. Friendship is very delicately organized. Perhaps he discovered that he had believed a lie; that the life he was animating and adorning was made up of pitiful shams. Friendship is a Heaven-born Truth.

At any rate, your angel has flown. Your form of friendship is dead. Somewhere, by some one, in some way, a great wrong has been done—a wrong to your own heart. Never again will it open so trustingly, enjoy so fully, cling so lovingly. It is stricken, defrauded, impoverished. All after-growth of affection will be like the harvest-rowen of the husbandman, less fine, less vigorous, less abundant, less beautiful. Bury your dead solemnly, for a great soul has [illegible]. If a friend dies, he will rise again. For the dead friendship, there is no resurrection.

Bury your lost friendship silently, *lovingly*. You have said each to the other, "My friend." You have walked together in rough and pleasant places, reading each other's hearts, as you believed, like an open book, mingling smiles and tears, praying to the blessed Father in one voice; and now, when your two lives are drifting apart by the stream—

"That smiling leaves the mountain's brow,
As if its waters ne'er could sever;
Yet, ere it reach the plains below,
Breaks into floods that part forever"—

take up, each one, your dead hope. It was goodly to look upon—soft-spoken, fair-handed, mild-eyed—a very balm and benediction while it lived; bear it to an inner chamber, "compose it decently," embalm it with tears; put back the tangled hair, fold the veined lids down upon the cold eyes, kiss the pale brow; and when it is night, and the stars come out, and only God's eye sees you, bury it in some still corner of your heart, whisper above it a low, tremulous requiem, strew the place with flowers, and leave your dead there, *sacred* FOREVER, with all its sweet and bitter revealings.

I know of nothing more ignoble than the cool flippancy with which some people gossip over their broken friendships, nothing more ghoul-like than the malice that drags the confidences of a lost love from their grave, to give a keener sting to its arrows—that must hunt down and destroy the good name of its sometime beloved, before it is avenged.

It has been beautifully said that our changing friendships are our ladders to the angels. This can be true only of those who are made purer by life's changes, whose bereavements are all sanctified to them; who can go through the world singing the song of the brave young poet—

"There are gains for all our losses."

Some hearts make their lost friendships a ladder to the demons.

### A MEAN PRACTICE.

No one, whose movements bring any considerable area of this city to his attention, could have failed to notice an unusual number of "to let" bills on houses still empty, in whole or in part.

Now, there is no question as to the monetary pressure, which has passed into history, "as a tale that is told," having greatly contributed to this result. But facts have come to our knowledge which convince us that there is another and more special cause. We refer to the practice of house-seekers engaging houses from their ownors, or parts of houses from tenants, previously to the 1st of May, and then failing to move into them, on some shallow pretext or other—the truth being, that they have, during the interval between the date of their contract and removal, "*happened* to find as good a dwelling at less rent," or one that "pleased their family better."

When they applied for the premises, now left tenantless because of their skulking meanness, they perhaps talked loudly and persistently of their ability to pay the rent, of their "responsibility," &c. But, when confronted with their broken contracts, which should rise up before them like a certain ghost famous in tragedy, they pretend that they "didn't think a few hours, or even a few days, could make much odds" (!) *seeming*, poor innocent souls, to forget that hours before the 1st of May count as days, and days as weeks, afterwards when tenants worth having are, with very rare exceptions, supplied. Attempt to enforce the contract into which they have solemnly entered, and they will defy you, to your teeth, to find anything out of which to make what is legally your due!

Out upon all such contemptible swindling and roguery! The fellows who are guilty of it deserve to be held up to universal scorn, as those engaged in an ineffably mean practice!

## WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

CREDULITY diminishes as we gather wisdom by experience, and yet, even among the old and suspicious, it is probable that many falsehoods are believed for a single truth that is disbelieved. Belief, like a young puppy, is born blind, and must swallow whatever is given to it; when it can see, it caters for itself. As a diligent workman is known by the quantity of his chips, so may a penetrative mind by the rubbish and heaps of discarded credulity by which it is surrounded. Taking the whole world at the present moment, can it be said to believe a thousandth part of what it believed a thousand years ago?

HE who professes to disregard the opinions of his cotemporaries, and yet wants the suffrages of the unborn, stands little chance of obtaining his election, and is sure he cannot enjoy it, even if he succeed. Few can ever possess such claims to celebrity as Kepler, the German astronomer, and yet he showed a sense of mortification, as well as an almost profane arrogance, when, upon the failure of one of his books to excite attention, he exclaimed, "My book may well wait a hundred years for a reader, since God himself has been content to wait six thousand for an observer like myself."

LOVE is a volcano, the crater of which no wise man will approach too nearly, lest, from motives less philosophical than those of Empedocles, he should be swallowed up, leaving something behind him, however, that will tell more tales than the slipper of the rash old Greek.

A NEW ORLEANS paper publishes as a fact that a hen in that city "recently laid an egg that was found upon examination to be nothing but lime stone." If there is a breed of hens that lay stones, why may they not be trained to lay corner-stones?

A YOUNG fellow devoted himself successfully a whole evening to the entertainment of a company of pretty girls, and demanded his pay in kisses. "Certainly, sir," said the prettiest of them; "present your bill."

THE wife of Lot Turner advertises her husband in a Chicago paper as a drunkard and vagabond. The wife of the modern Lot, like that of the ancient one, is rather *salty*.

BRAVERY is a cheap and vulgar quality, of which the highest instances are frequently found in the lowest savages, and which is often more conspicuous in the brute creation than in the most intrepid of the human race.

"YOU appear to be very flat-footed," said a lady in an argument with a gentleman. "Oh, no," said he, stalking across the floor, "do you not *hear the hollow* of my foot?"

"I AM afraid," said a person of questionable or rather unquestionable habits, "that I am likely to have water upon the brain." "You will never have it upon the stomach," was his companion's consolatory reply.

SOME of the Southern papers say that "Cotton is king." A Kentucky paper says that "Tobacco is king." It certainly reigns in a great many mouths. We must say, however, that it seems to have rather foul kingdoms.

EMBALMING is the making of a flesh-statue—eternalizing a corpse—perpetuating the perishable with more pains than we take to save that which is immortal.

"HAVE you any loose change this morning?" said a young fellow to his companion. "No, indeed—money is *tight*."

SOMEBODY says that, although there is no such thing as muzzling the press in this country, there is plenty of *book-muslin*.

"How did you learn that graceful attitude?" said a gentleman to a fellow leaning in a maudlin fashion against a post. "I have been practicing at a glass."

AN author asks "what a rose, worn on a young lady's forehead, indicates." We suppose she means to indicate by it that, if kissed at all, it must be "under the rose."

THE praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure, for they praise only that which they can surpass, and censure that which surpasses them.

IF you see a wife carefully footing her husband's stockings, you may conclude that he will not find it difficult to foot her bills.

A DENTIST in one of our large cities advertises that he inserts teeth cheaper than anybody else. He might find a bull-dog that would do it still cheaper.

WHEN we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness, but we ought to be readier to suspect our own.

IN great cities, men are more callous both to the happiness and the misery of others than in the country, for they are constantly in the habit of seeing both extremes.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as a fog the sun. The hand that warned Belshazzar derived its horrifying influence from its want of a body.

THE man who builds a house that he has not the means to pay for, simply provides a home to run away from.

WE are afraid that a lady who uses rouge to counterfeit a blush, must be conscious of cause for blushing.

POETRY is said to be a gift, but it often proves to be a theft.

MANY of us are led by our vices, but a great many more follow them without any leading at all.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

A BOY about fifteen years old, the son of respectable parents in Baltimore, who has long been noted for his cruelty, a short time since saturated the hair of a splendid Newfoundland dog, owned by his father, with camphene, and then set it on fire. The result was, the burning to death of the dog, which suffered the most excruciating agony. Elated with this exploit, the young demon next attempted to roast alive his little sister, a bright, intelligent child, about six years old. Getting her to let him bind her arms and legs, under pretense of play, he placed her upon the cooking stove, heated red-hot, in the kitchen. Her terrible screams brought her parents to her rescue before she was fatally burned. The hopeful son, perceiving that his father was about to take severe measures to repress his cruel practices, suddenly disappeared, and has not been since heard from.

A BALLOONIST recently offered to ascend from the Park in a mammoth balloon, with a car attached supporting a stage on which acrobats should be performing their feats of agility, and when the balloon should reach an elevation of five thousand feet, he would jump overboard, and come down as best he might with the aid of a parachute. All this was to be done if the Common Council would pay the adventurous gentleman $1000—which offer was declined.

A BOY about fourteen years old, whose parents live in East Twelfth street, while playing with a number of small children a few days since, became enraged and struck a little girl on the head so violently as to render her insensible for several hours, and although she was finally restored to consciousness, her life is still despaired of.

A SERVANT girl, living near Flatbush, was recently burned to death by spilling camphene over her dress, which took fire from a lighted match. The utmost efforts were instantly made by members of the family to extinguish the flames, but before they succeeded the unfortunate girl was fatally injured.

A BOAT, containing a party of five young men, was capsized, a few days since, off Staten Island, and four of the number were drowned, not being able to swim. Every man should be a good swimmer, or else avoid "sailing parties."

IT is said that gold has been discovered in large quantities on the Island of Luzon, in the neighborhood of Manilla. The Spanish inhabitants have kept the fact very quiet, for fear of an irruption of fillibusters.

A YOUNG man about twenty years old, named J. F. C. Thompson, committed suicide at St. Louis, a short time since, by drowning himself in the Mississippi, *because he could not pay a debt!*

A CLERGYMAN in Utica (N. Y.) was recently presented, by the youthful members of his congregation, with a pair of gloves, in each finger and thumb of which was folded a ten-dollar bill.

THE accounts from the newly discovered gold mines on the Frazer river grow brighter and brighter. The gold is abundant, and easily got at. The miners make from $6 to $200 a day.

A MEDICAL journal announces the fact that a few green leaves worn inside of the crown of the hat is a sure protection against danger from sun-stroke.

A FEW nights since, two vile women were found in a low den in Water street, in almost a nude state, fighting, *a la* "Fancy," with their seconds, bottle-holders, &c.

A MRS. DEAN, of Syracuse (N. Y.), attempted to commit suicide, not long since, by jumping into the canal; but her hoops would not let her sink.

THE

## INDIANS AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Where Mount Vernon's sacred shadows
Floating o'er the fair Potomac,
Mark the Mecca of the nations,
And the gliding boats that pass it,
With the tolling of their heart-bells,*
Speak the homage of the waters
To the Father of his Country,
Thither once, in slow procession,
Came the children of the forest,
They whose ancestors were rulers
Of the realm that we inhabit.
Thither came the braves and chieftains
Of the Aricarees, (the Bee-struck,)
Of the Sioux, and the Mandans,
Of the Yanotous and the Sansares,
From the land of the Dacotah,
Stretching with its flowery prairies
Where the far Missouri wanders
And with turbid current reddens
The clear river where it mingles.
To that solemn delegation
From the tribes of forest-people,
Spake the pale-faced friend† who led them
In whose guardianship they trusted,
Told them how their first, great Father,
Washington, the brave and glorious,
Whom the Manitto permitted
His young country's foes to vanquish,
He, who loved his red-brow'd children,
When the toils of war were over,
Dwelt in peace 'neath yonder roof-tree,
Sow'd the corn, and reap'd the wheat-sh
And when all his days were number'd,
Slumber'd in that tomb beside them,
While the earth stood up to praise him

Listening, fix'd as bronzed statues,
Every glowing word they treasured
In the silence of their spirits.
Then, all sudden, as the Pine-Tree
Answereth to the blast of Autumn,
All, with one accord uplifted,
Loud as thunder 'mid the mountains,
Their high song of praise and honor
To the dauntless Chief who conquer'd
All the proud, embattled forces,
That like lions bent on slaughter
Watch'd to desolate his Country.

But they paus'd and changed their manner,
Bowing down their heads and weeping,
Round the tomb more closely gathering,
Pour'd a solemn dirge of sorrow,
So prolong'd and so despairing,
That the very birds who heard it,
Lingering 'mid the nested branches,
Closed their wing and caught the cadence.

Mournful 'mid that hallowed scenery,
Echoing thro' that vistad foliage,
Sighing o'er the funeral cypress,
Rose that wild and deep lamenting
Of the downcast forest-dwellers,
Like forsaken children, wailing
Hopeless o'er a buried father.

*Washington, June 8th*, 1858.

* The steamers that ply on the Potomac observe the beautiful custom of tolling their bells while passing Mount Vernon.

† A. H. Redfield, Esq. under whose charge this deputation from the tribes visited Mount Vernon, and in whom they seemed to confide with grateful regard.

## RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

## THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

[Our *new* readers, who have not had an opportunity to peruse the first part of this masterly story, will find a synopsis of what has been published on the 7th page of this number of the LEDGER. After reading this synopsis, they can then go on and read this installment and the remainder of the story understandingly, the same as if they had read *all* that we have published.]

### CHAPTER LX.

THE LAWYER AND STEWARD TRIUMPH.

No sooner was it rumored in St. Faith's that a gentleman and lady had arrived at the King's Arms, and were making inquiries respecting the lost Lillian, than an unusual degree of excitement took place. The village, since the departure of the family from the hall, had enjoyed several years of such profound quiet, that the change was welcomed with pleasure.

"Truth will out," observed one.

"I always thought the mystery would be cleared up," added a second.

A third pointed towards the hall, and shook his head knowingly.

Meanwhile, Simon Gee and his wife, who had been sent for by the major, were both seated in the parlor of the "King's Arms." The old weaver was a little nervous at first, but the kind tone in which the questions were put to him, to say nothing of the presence of his strong-minded helpmate, soon placed him at his ease.

"You say that your late brother arrived on New Year's eve," began the major, "now four years since."

"That is the time exactly, sir."

"At what hour did he arrive?"

"Midnight. I was waiting for my comrades to ring the old year out and the new one in. I am sure," he added, "that I shall never forget the surprise poor Barny's sudden appearance gave me."

"Had he the child with him?"

"Wrapped in his cloak, sir."

"Did he state whose child it was?" demanded Mrs. Major Hawley.

"His own, of course."

"In express words?"

"Well," replied the old man, "I couldn't swear that he said so in express words, but of course it must have been his—whose else could it have been? Besides, it was so very like him; was it not, Hester?"

The honest woman, put upon her veracity, could not confirm the opinion of her husband, much as she would like to have done so.

"I can't say that," she replied; "the pretty creature had not Barny's nose or eyes. In fact, I always supposed that she resembled her mother, who, no doubt, was some foreign lady."

"And why do you suppose her to have been a lady?" demanded the major's wife, seizing with ready tact upon the word.

"Because Lilly was such a singular child."

"And do none but ladies have singular children?"

"Ay, but she had been so accustomed to be waited upon. Whenever she desired anything, she looked surprised if it was not brought to her; and when brought, took it as a matter of course. Poor people's children don't do that—at least, not in St. Faith's."

The major and his lady exchanged glances. Probably they recognized in the peculiarity some trait of their lost god-daughter.

At this moment, Mr. Thornton, farmer Minter, Marshall, the lawyer, and Andrew Silex, were announced; and the inquiry, from the presence of the magistrate, assumed almost a legal form.

"Did Sir Norman Boothroyd ever see the child?" continued the gentleman.

"Never, sir," answered Simon; "he was ill at the time."

"But Mr. Silex and her ladyship did," added Hester, "and he will tell you what a pretty creature she was. Poor Lilly! every one loved her—she was the pet of the village."

"That she was," exclaimed farmer Minter, bluntly. "My dame grieved for her as if she had been one of her own. A curse upon the bad, heartless wretches who stole her!"

A deep "Amen!" broke from all present.

"And what said her ladyship?"

"Oh! she was very kind and affable, as she always is to the poor," answered the wife of Simon Gee. "Every one knows that if my lady had her way things would have been very different at St. Faith's; but, poor thing, she hadn't a spirit of her own—Sir Norman ruled her in everything."

Here the steward and the lawyer smiled.

"She offered to place Lilly in her school," continued the speaker; "but we didn't like to let her go there."

"Why not?"

"Simon and I didn't want to part with her."

"Would it not have been for her advantage?"

"We loved her, sir."

This was the only answer which could be wrung from Hester Gee. The fact was, she had no other motives to assign for having declined the patronizing offer of the lady of the manor.

"And did she appear offended at your refusal?"

"No, sir."

Here Simon coughed to remind his wife of a little circumstance which she seemed to have forgotten. The quick ear of Mrs. Hawley detected the peculiar note; probably she had frequently uttered it herself, for she, too, was a great tactitian in *household* management, which, as a matter of course, includes every species of conjugal telegraphing.

"Do speak out, my good man," she exclaimed; "if you have anything to say. You need not look at your wife so earnestly."

"I wanted to remind her," said the weaver, "that after my lady quitted our poor cottage, we both thought she had been a little out of temper."

MAJOR AND MRS. HAWLEY'S INTERVIEW WITH SIMON GEE AND HIS WIFE.

"That's true," said Hester; "but not at our refusal to part with Lilly—it was at a foolish observation of mine."

"Will you repeat that observation?" asked Mr. Thornton, for the first time breaking silence. "You will excuse my interference, sir," he added, addressing himself to the major, "but at the time of the child's disappearance, I felt great interest in the affair, and did my best to unravel it."

"That you did," exclaimed all present.

The gentlemen shook hands, and exchanged cards.

"Well, gentlemen, having no children of my own, it was only natural that I should feel proud and fond of Lilly," resumed Hester Gee, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron. "I am sure, the cottage has been lonely enough without her. In my pride I observed that Lilly's eyes and hair were the exact color of Miss Alice's."

"And who is Miss Alice?" demanded the major, quickly.

"The daughter of Sir Norman and Lady Boothroyd."

Andrew Silex bit his lips with vexation; and the lawyer began to think that the affair was not quite so clear as the old man had led him to suppose.

"This is important," said Mrs. Hawley, emphatically, "for the girl whom you supposed the daughter of the soldier, Barny Gee—who, to my certain knowledge, never was married—was in reality the child of Lieutenant Allan Boothroyd."

There was a general exclamation of surprise from all present.

"I was her god-mother," added the speaker.

"And Barny, who served in my regiment," added her husband, "on the death of Allan, with whom he lived several years as servant, was intrusted with Lillian, to bring her to England."

"This explains much," observed the magistrate, "which has hitherto been left in darkness—a motive for the abduction."

"Pardon me," observed the lawyer, blandly, "but it explains nothing of the kind. I see no proof of the gentleman's assertion that the lieutenant ever had either a wife or child."

"I was present at his marriage," said the major.

"And I at the birth of Lilly," added his wife.

"Supposing such to have been the case," resumed Mr. Marshall, "where is the proof that the child Barny brought over was the daughter?"

"I can't think it, gentlemen," muttered Simon Gee; "it must have been my brother's child."

Hester was of the same opinion. It pained her to think that any other had a superior claim to the love of the fair young creature who had succeeded in winding herself so closely round her heart, and whose loss was still so deeply mourned.

"All these are points which a judicial investigation—which, I plainly perceive, must follow this discovery—alone can clear up. The arrival of Major Hawley and his lady, the statement they have made, give a new complexion to the affair, by supplying a motive for the abduction."

"You are wrong there," observed Mr. Marshall; "for it would be affectation to affect ignorance of the party at whom your suspicions glance. The daughter of the late Allan Boothroyd, supposing—I say supposing—he left one, would be entirely dependent on the charity of her relatives."

"Is the inheritance of a name nothing?" demanded the major, sternly.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. That was not his affair, he said; he was only present to watch the investigation on the part of Sir Norman Boothroyd, whose instructions had been most liberal.

"Have you any objection to produce them?" demanded Mr. Thornton.

"None whatever."

The baronet's letter to Silex was publicly read.

"You hear," said Andrew Silex, "Sir Norman only waits to be convinced that the girl is really his niece, to acknowledge her."

"I don't believe a word of it," replied farmer Minter; "you may remember, sir, at the hour the child was stolen, I expressed my suspicion of him."

This was addressed to Mr. Thornton.

"You did," said the worthy magistrate; "and had I known what has this day been stated, my conduct would have been different; I should have directed the searches of the police in *another* direction."

This observation was received with a loud cheer, and assertions that Mr. Thornton was ever ready to prove himself the poor man's friend.

"You will please recollect," observed the lawyer, who by this time had lost all confidence in the moral innocence of his client, "that this is not a judicial investigation, and with all due respect to the gentleman who spoke last. I must consider his remarks as extremely out of place and uncalled for."

There was a general call upon the speaker to explain himself.

"Nothing more easy. Mr. Thornton could not act in the affair," answered the lawyer, in a tone of confidence.

"Not act!" repeated the major.

"Ridiculous!" said his wife.

"He is a magistrate," cried farmer Minter.

"And a good one," added Simon Gee.

"These are all facts which I am not disposed to deny," continued the legal adviser of Sir Norman, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "But this is my position, and I defy all the gentlemen of the long robe in Westminster Hall to shake it."

"State it, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Major Hawley. "Pray let us hear your famous position. I should like to have an explanation, vastly."

"In the first place, supposing Lillian to be the child of the deceased Barny Gee——"

"But she was not Barny Gee's child," interrupted the more impatient amongst the crowd, who had gradually assembled in the parlor of the village inn.

"I said supposed," answered the speaker. "There would be no motive; to which I might add, the character of my respected client ought to place him above suspicion. In the next——"

"Aye, let us hear the next!" shouted several.

"If Lillian is the daughter of his late brother, Lieutenant Allan Boothroyd, Sir Norman, as her uncle, is her only legal guardian, and, consequently, would be perfectly justified in removing her from the care of these, no doubt, very excellent persons, who could have no legal rights over her."

The proposition was so clear, that even the most violent opponents of the baronet were reluctantly compelled to admit it; and a general feeling of disappointment might be traced in the features of all present.

Andrew Silex began to consider the speaker more favorably than he had hitherto done.

"Evidently a clever fellow," he thought, as he looked round him with an air of triumph.

"As Mr. Marshall has stated, this is neither a magisterial nor a judicial investigation," observed Mr. Thornton; "it will be useless, therefore, to discuss it further. But if your client is not legally responsible for his conduct in this affair to the inhabitants of St. Faith's, he is morally responsible; and I, for one, shall feel most delighted at seeing him come free from imputation."

"He can't," said farmer Minter, in a tone of bitterness.

"That remains to be seen," returned the lawyer. "I am sorry to observe," he continued, "the feeling which still prevails against your landlord. I should have thought, after the generosity of his conduct in the affair of his manorial rights over the common, a better state of things might have been expected; but I will not touch upon that subject further."

"He had not a leg to stand upon," shouted several of the tenants.

"Forced to give them up," added others.

"This is the case: in the first place, produce the girl whom you state to be the niece of Sir Norman."

"You know he can't," replied the major's lady, bitterly.

"In the next, prove her to be the daughter of the deceased Lieutenant Allan Boothroyd."

"And what then?"

"My client will not only acknowledge but receive her into his family, and act by her as the tie between them calls upon him to act," answered the lawyer. "If, after this plain statement, you persist in your ill opinion, I shall only observe that you have made up your minds from prejudice and not from proof."

"You have hit it rightly," observed the steward; "but they were always an evil-minded, dissatisfied race. You know," he added, appealing to those present, "that when Sir Norman was in the wrong, I blamed him as freely as any one could; but now that I know him to be in the right, I feel it is my duty to stand up for him."

"It is evident," said Major Hawley, "that the affair cannot end here. On my return to London, I shall take counsel's opinion upon the subject. In the meantime, I have one more question to ask."

There was instantly silence in the room.

"Did Barny Gee leave any papers behind him?"

"Only his discharge from the army," replied Simon, "which I have kept by me ever since. His enemies said he had deserted."

"And no others were found?"

"None."

The major sat down with an air of disappointment.

"Oh, that I could only recollect the last words of poor Barny," thought the farmer. "But it be no use trying."

The next day the major and his lady, sadly disappointed in the result of their visit, left St. Faith's and returned to London.

### CHAPTER LXI.

ON THE TRACK.

Greatly as Major Hawley and his wife felt mortified by the result of their visit to St. Faith's, neither of them were persons to sit quietly down under their disappointment; on the contrary, it stimulated them to increased exertion. They both suspected foul play had been used to conceal from the world the daughter of Allan Boothroyd, and determined to take legal advice.

By a singular coincidence, the lawyer whom the major's agent recommended, proved to be no other than our reader's old acquaintance, Mr. Morton.

"The statement you have made has greatly interested me," he observed, "for I know something of the Boothroyd family, although I have never been professionally concerned; but my predecessor—the gentleman to whose business I succeeded—made the will of the late baronet."

"Which left his younger nephew with no other dependance than his sword," observed the lady, indignantly; "an unnatural old——but there, he was a bachelor," she added, as if in that word the sum of all human iniquities was comprised.

"The estates, I know, went with the title," answered the lawyer, with a smile. "But if I remember rightly, there was a codicil."

"Cannot the fact be ascertained?" demanded the major.

"I should think it might; the party who drew it is still living. I will see him—that shall be my first step; for in the event of any bequest, contingency, or reversion in favor of Allan or his descendants, a motive would be supplied; at present I can discover none."

"You must be very blind, then," said Mrs. Major Hawley, drily. "Pride!"

"Selfishness," added her husband.

"I mean tangible motives, such as the law would recognize," said Mr. Morton. "Our next proceeding must be to issue advertisements, offering a reward for any clue to the lost child."

"In the Devonshire papers?" suggested his new client.

"I have more faith in the London ones," replied the lawyer; "for although the actual abduction took place in the country, rely upon it the child was brought to London to be disposed of. Consider the facilities which our overgrown metropolis presents either for crime or its concealment."

At the word crime, Mrs. Major Hawley turned pale. Childless herself, her heart clung with fond affection to the memory of her god-daughter.

"They could never have been so heartless!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "as to harm her."

"*Imprudent*, you mean," observed her husband. "Neither Sir Norman or his lady appear troubled with much heart."

Mr. Morton mentally thought that the speaker was right.

Every day during the next week the following advertisement appeared in most of the morning and evening papers.

"One hundred guineas reward will be paid to any person or persons who can afford information respecting the fate of a female child, named Lillian, who was stolen in the year ——from the parties with whom she resided at St. Faith's, a village in Devonshire, and an equal sum is hereby offered for the detection of the perpetrator or perpetrators of the crime. The child in question has dark hair and eyes, was rather tall of her age, and at the time of her abduction spoke English imperfectly, having been born in India, from which country she had only lately arrived. Apply," &c., &c.

Sir Norman and Lady Boothroyd were seated at the breakfast-table when Alice, struck by the singularity of the advertisement, read it aloud.

Neither of her parents could conceal the confusion and annoyance it caused them.

"Lillian!" repeated the young lady; "surely I must have heard that name. I recollect, it was the name of the poor soldier's child who——"

Here she suddenly paused, unwilling to pain her father by reminding him of the death of Barny Gee.

"Was shot poaching on the lands of Meldown," said her mother, finishing the sentence for her, "and by his death defeated public justice, for there is little doubt but he murdered the keeper Springthorp."

Alice shuddered, and remained for several minutes absorbed in thought.

"Mamma! mamma!" she suddenly exclaimed, "in what year did we quit Meldown Park?"

"In ——," replied her father, who looked upon his departure from his ancestral home as a historical event.

"The very year that——"

"Silence!" said her ladyship, in an imperative tone, for she felt annoyed that her daughter had not forgotten the adventure on the pavilion at Meldown Park. "Neither Sir Norman or myself feel sufficient interest in the affair to dwell upon it any further."

Alice obeyed, and alluded to the subject no more. But thought is independent of the will—and she could not help reflecting on the subject seriously and painfully, for the description of Lillian given in the advertisement, the foreign words she had heard the prisoner utter, and which the rector had pronounced to be Hindostani, convinced her the child of Barny Gee and the gipsy girl, as her mother had designated her, were the same, and consequently that her ladyship was a sharer in the crime of her abduction.

Just as Mr. Morton almost despaired of any satisfactory result from the advertisements, he was met one morning on his way to Westminster, by a stout, coarse-looking woman, who inquired his name.

The gentleman gave it.

"But are you the lawyer who put the *'tisement* in the paper 'bout Lilly?" she demanded.

Mr. Morton eagerly assured her that he was, and requested her to return with him to his office.

"No, no," replied Bet, for the female was no other than the faithless partner of Fiddler Dick, "you don't catch me within four walls. What I have got to say you must listen to in the street. You want to find Lilly?"

"And will pay for any information, that is to say, authentic information, regarding her," said the lawyer.

"I must have something in hand," observed the woman; then, seeing that Mr. Morton hesitated, she added, "if I hadn't a knowed her, how should I ha' knowed that they called her Lilly?"

"Right," said the gentleman, placing five sovereigns in her hand; "there is an earnest of what you may expect should your information prove of importance."

"Well," said Bet, pocketing the money, "this looks like business. You must find a man named Dexter."

"What is he?"

"A rascal who cheated me out of my bizziness," replied the angry woman, "after my husband met with his misfortune. Lilly was 'prenticed to us to learn the tumbling trade."

Mr. Morton shuddered.

"*He said he hadn't got her,*" *she continued,* "but I never believed him. Find him, and then may be I can tell you more."

"But where am I to seek him?"

"Oh, he is always about, either with a gaff or at the fairs."

"And where, when he is found," added the lawyer, "am I to seek you?"

"I shall turn up," answered Bet.

"Had you not better give me your address?"

"My what?"

"Tell me where you live?"

The woman shuddered, and drawing her ragged cloak around her, regarded him with an expression of mistrust.

"No, Mr. Lawyer. I ain't such a fool as that! For years I ain't let any living creature know where my home is—if it can be called a home. A dog wouldn't take up its quarters there. But no matter for that—*it's safe.* He will soon be out," she added, in a low tone.

"He! Of whom are you speaking?"

"My husband—Fiddler Dick!"

"It ought to have been for life," she murmured. "The *pelice* deceived me. It ought to have been for life. But I ain't a-goin' to trouble you with that. When you have found Dexter, put another *'tisement* in the papers, and I'll come *forrards* agin."

Finding that threats and persuasions were alike powerless to induce the woman to alter her determination, Mr. Morton suffered her to depart, for it was quite evident that she would only give her evidence in her own way.

It was not the first time he had met with such a witness.

### CHAPTER LXII.

POISONED.

Our hero had not long returned from his visit to the country seat of Mr. Chutnee, before he felt a lassitude that rendered him not only indifferent to the active exertions, but even the pleasure of his age. At first he attributed it to the change of climate and the increasing heat of the weather; and imagined that he was merely paying the penalty which every native of Europe is supposed to pay when he exchanges the temperate atmosphere of his native land for the burning one of the East.

He was reclining in a state of dreamy listlessness upon a chaise lounge which the servants had placed in the veranda, in order that he might catch the slightest breeze which came from the Hooghly, when Fred Wharton called. The young officer, who had been absent from Calcutta upon military duty, felt exceedingly shocked when he beheld the change that had taken place in his friend; the eye was dim, half glazed, and a sickly pallor overspread the features lately so redolent with health.

"In heaven's name, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, as the invalid languidly held out a hand to welcome him, "tell me what has occurred."

"Occurred!" repeated the sufferer; "nothing."

"You are ill?"

"I can scarcely term it an illness," was the reply, "for I feel no pain; merely a lassitude which has invaded my entire system. In a day or two it will pass, no doubt, and I shall be myself again."

"Have you had advice?" demanded his visitor.

"Advice!" repeated Richard, with an effort to smile. "No; it is not so serious as that. I feel no pain; it is merely—a—kind of——"

Here a slight fit of coughing interrupted the speaker; and his friend observed that, as he wiped his lips, the handkerchief was *tinged with green.*

"Have you been eating fruit?" he asked.

"No; I have lost all appetite; but it is merely a slight indisposition, and will pass now you have returned. I have been too much alone. Your society will soon set me to rights again. You will stay and dine with me."

"I will do more," replied Fred Wharton.

Tyrrell regarded him inquiringly.

"I will take up my quarters and remain with you till you have recovered," continued the young

man. "Not a word. I won't be refused. I have only to drop a line to the colonel to obtain leave of absence."

"You must not state the reason," exclaimed our hero, raising himself from the couch; "it might create alarm."

"Trust to my prudence."

"For, after all, it is nothing. I feel ashamed of my weakness in giving way to it; for two days I have not had sufficient resolution to rise and quit the house. Is it not unaccountable?"

Here the poor fellow fell back, as if overcome by the exertion he had made, in describing his feelings to his friend.

"Do not excite yourself," said the latter. "But tell me what is the peculiar symptoms you complain of."

"A desire to sleep."

"And do you sleep?"

"I have not closed my eyes for the last two nights."

"Have you any other feelings?"

"A choking sensation on my lungs."

Here the invalid coughed again, and the slight froth tinged with green, which Fred had previously observed, rose to his lips.

"I must write my note at once," observed the latter, looking around for the necessary materials; but not seeing any, he rang the bell.

Hassan, the kansumar, or butler, entered the apartment. A slight shade of surprise, and perhaps displeasure, crossed the features of the Hindoo when he perceived the presence of the young officer.

"Your master is ill," observed the latter.

"The sahib pays the penalty which Europeans pay when they arrive in India," was the reply. "He will be better soon."

"But I have never paid it?"

The native shrugged his shoulders.

"Why did you not send for advice?" demanded Wharton, who began to experience a sensation of dislike at the coldness of tone and manner with which Hassan spoke of his master's sufferings.

"The sahib would not hear of it."

"But I insist upon it. Bring me pens and paper."

The kansumar salamed and withdrew.

"Don't speak angrily to him, Fred," said our hero. "The poor fellow has been very attentive to me—scarcely left me an instant."

"Have you received any visitors?" inquired Wharton.

"No—that is, I believe not."

"Perhaps you gave orders to be denied?".

"No."

"Strange no one should have called."

On being reminded of the fact, Tyrrell confessed that it was strange, and added that doubtless he should be well enough on the following day to quit the house, and resume his usual occupation.

"Where is Jack Manders all this while?"

"I sent him to the office for my letters, for, as I hear, the English mail has arrived."

Hassan returned, and placed before his master's friend the writing materials he had demanded; then, folding his arms, stood in an attitude of attention at a distant part of the saloon.

"What are you waiting for?" inquired the officer, seeing that he showed no intention of quitting the room.

"The sahib's letter."

"When written I will send for you," was the reply. "You need not wait."

The butler once more salamed and disappeared.

Naturally Fred Wharton was anything but inclined to suspect the actions or motives of his fellow men; still, there was something so sudden in the illness of his friend, and so unusual in its symptoms, that he felt alarmed. The manner, too, of the kansumar did not altogether satisfy him, and he came to the resolution of not sending his letter to the colonel by him, but to wait the return of Jack.

It was nearly an hour before the faithful fellow made his appearance. During the interval Hassan had twice found an excuse for entering the room, and each time asked if he should take the letter.

A dry negative was the reply, and the fellow withdrew, bowing with more than oriental servility to conceal the scowl of disappointment.

"I don't at all share the confidence you feel in your butler," observed the young officer. "I may be wrong—I trust I am—but if ever I saw design-signing villainy stamped upon the features of any one, it is upon his."

Tyrrell regarded him with surprise; he could not comprehend the sudden prejudice of the speaker.

"Who recommended him to you?" added Fred.

"Sanford, if you remember."

"Right; I was present."

Impatient at the non-arrival of Manders, whom he had directed the native servant to send to him, Wharton quitted the room of his sick friend, and, crossing the courtyard, entered the offices. To his anger and astonishment, the first person he perceived was Jack.

"How long have you been here?" he demanded.

"An hour at least," answered the poor fellow. "I am so glad you have called," he added, "for I fear Mr. Tyrrell is very ill."

"And yet you did not come near to inquire."

"Hassan ordered me not."

"Why so?"

"He said you were engaged."

"And yet I told him to send you to me the instant you returned!" exclaimed Fred Wharton. "I don't understand all this mystery, and fear there has been some foul play against my poor friend."

The eyes of Jack sparkled with anger. He, too, had been haunted by the same suspicions.

"If I could only prove it," he exclaimed, "I'd wring the rascal's neck. I won't leave the house again," he added; "it was a fool's errand the Hindoo sent me out for; there is no mail arrived from England."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. Mr. Chutnee told me so."

Things began to look still more suspiciously. Fred's presence of mind, however, did not desert him.

"You must quit the house once more," he said, "for you are the only person in whom I dare trust. Take this letter to Sir Charles Fourreau; give it into no hand but his; tell him how ill Mr. Tyrrell has been, and request him from me to send Dr. Burke, and call himself. In fact, I cannot understand why he has not done so already."

Jack rose from the bench on which he had been seated to depart; as he did so the speaker observed that he betrayed extreme listlessness of manner,—that his eyes, which had lately flashed with rage, like those of his master now appeared dull and heavy.

"Why, Manders," said the officer, "you, too, are not well."

"Don't mind me, sir," replied the honest fellow; "think only of Mr. Richard. I am suffering from the same complaint; but I bore up in order not to alarm him. Hassan says it's the change of climate, that all Europeans feel it, but I don't believe him. I have been both in China and India before, and never experienced anything like it."

Wharton saw the messenger to the entrance of the house, and watched him till he had crossed the street on his way to the artillery barracks, before he returned to the sick room of his friend, on reaching which he found Hassan trying to persuade him to take a cooling drink which he had prepared.

"I can't," sighed the invalid; "the odor of it revolts me."

"It will do the sahib good," added the Hindoo, pressing it to his lips.

"Set it down," said the stern voice of the officer, who did not choose to express all he felt and thought. "Mr. Tyrrell will take it when he feels disposed."

"It is nauseous," murmured Richard.

"But it cools the fever in the head," replied the kansumar, without the slightest change of countenance. "Europe has no such medicine."

"Perhaps not," observed Wharton, taking it from his hand, and smelling it. "I will give it to him when he feels more disposed; now go and prepare dinner. I shall remain and dine with your master."

The Hindoo salamed once more.

"In my way to the market," he said, "I can deliver the letter of the sahib."

"It is gone already."

The Hindoo quitted the room without a word.

"I feel exceedingly faint," sighed the sick youth.

His friend, who by this time was seriously alarmed, scarcely knew how to act, or what to do. On looking round, he fortunately discovered a liquor-stand upon one of the side-tables. Pouring out a glass, he held it to the lips of the sufferer, who at once drank it off.

A violent spasm followed, the poor youth rolled in agony upon his couch, and drew his breath with such difficulty, that his friend feared lest the froth which kept bubbling to his lips, should choke him. After a few minutes the agony ceased, and he became calm again.

"Thank heaven!" he murmured, "it is past. Where is Jack?"

"I have sent him with my letter. Sir Charles and Dr. Burke will soon be here."

Richard could only express his gratitude by a silent pressure of the hand, for he felt too much exhausted to speak.

"How feel you now?"

"Better," he murmured; "much better. I think that I shall sleep, that is all I require to restore me."

Fred Wharton took the hand of his friend in his, and sat by his side till sleep sealed the weary eyelids of the sufferer, whose breath came thick and heavily, as if laboring under some extraordinary oppression of the chest.

"This is no natural illness," thought the officer, and yet he knew not what else to attribute it to; for, although the manner of the Hindoo kansumar had created a vague impression in his mind, he was far from suspecting the fatal truth, that his friend had been poisoned. Had he been longer a resident in India, the probabilities are that he would at once have divined the cause.

Sir Charles Fourreau and the officers were at mess, when they were disturbed by the loud, angry tones of Jack Manders—who, despite the refusal of the waiters to admit him, or to disturb the colonel at table—would insist on forcing his way into the room.

"What the deuce is all this row about?" demanded Major Plinlimmon, angrily. "Can't we eat our dinners, like Christian gentlemen and officers, in peace? Has a mutiny broke out?" he demanded.

"See what is the matter," said the colonel to one of the servants.

In a few minutes the man returned, and related what had taken place.

Apologizing to his brother officers for quitting the table, the baronet walked to the ante-room, where he found poor Jack still disputing with the waiters and servants. On hearing the voice of the colonel, there was a general silence.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" asked Sir Charles.

The messenger, who seemed half fainting—for he, too, it must be remembered, was suffering from the same cause as our hero—placed the letter in the hand of the speaker, who perused it attentively.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the gentleman; "Mr. Tyrrell ill!"

"Dying, I am afraid, sir."

"When I called, his servants told me he was absent."

"It was not by his orders, Sir Charles. I am afraid there has been foul play."

"Ask Dr. Burke to come to me," said the colonel to one of the men.

The doctor instantly joined him. A few words explained what had occurred.

Dr. Burke had passed many years of his life in India, and, being a great lover not only of his profession, but of science in general, had paid more than usual attention to the diseases peculiar to the East. There were few points connected with the literature, religion, or the natural history of the country, that he had not made himself acquainted with.

His first words were to request the messenger to describe minutely the symptoms of his master's illness.

"The same as mine, sir," faltered the poor fellow, who appeared half choked with the effort to speak—"the same as mine."

Here Jack was seized with a fit of coughing, similar to those our hero suffered from.

The doctor noticed the green froth upon his lips. Carefully wiping them with his handkerchief, he observed it closely for a few minutes. As he did so, Sir Charles Fourreau observed that his countenance changed.

"Nothing very serious, I trust," observed the colonel.

"Bring me some brandy," said the doctor, hastily, to one of the waiters, without appearing to notice the question; "quickly."

It was brought, and with some difficulty forced down the throat of Jack Manders, and the same convulsive spasms which had so shaken the frame of our hero took place.

"Let him be removed to Mr. Tyrrell's in a palanquin, as quickly as possible," said the man of science. "Sir Charles, you will at once proceed there, and administer to the unfortunate gentleman stimulants every quarter of an hour, till I arrive."

"Is there danger?" demanded the baronet.

The expressive look of Dr. Burke, who felt a warm interest in the fate of Richard ever since he had heard of his attachment to Lillian, warned the speaker that he considered it imminent.

"The fever?" he whispered.

"Worse."

"Worse!" repeated the colonel.

"Poisoned."

The baronet uttered a deep groan—he thought of his ward.

"And, worst of all," added the speaker, "by the only drug to which I do not possess an antidote. You have heard of the root?"

"Never."

"I have no time, then to explain it now. Hasten to Tyrrell at once. I will seek the native physician, Mirza Algee—he is the only man in Calcutta who possesses sufficient skill to save him."

It was so evidently a matter of life and death that Sir Charles Fourreau hesitated not an instant. Jumping into the first palanquin in the barrack-yard, he directed the bearers to carry him to the residence of our hero. Poor Jack followed in another.

Although Dr. Burke had no time to explain to the colonel what he meant by the root, there is no reason why we, who are not equally friends, should not do so to gratify the curiosity of our readers.

India, through all ages, has been celebrated for its poisons. In that land of passion and of crime, it would seem as if nature, for reasons not granted man to scrutinize, had placed the means of death within the reach of all—a means as various and subtle as the arts of those who employ them.

The root, as it is emphatically called, grows something like the truffle—underground. It puts forth neither leaf nor flower in its natural state, but resembles an irregular-shaped piece of dried cork. The natives who seek for it know by certain indications where to dig for it.

It requires to come in contact with living animal matter to develop its latent powers of vegetating. Ground to an impalpable powder, and mixed in a glass of water, or soaked or mixed with food, it is sometimes administered.

Once received into the system, a sickly languor takes possession of the victim, accompanied by a choking sensation. The latter is caused by the singular fact that each particle which has been swallowed begins in a few hours to vegetate, sending forth a long, slimy thread. These threads interweave, and lace one within the other, till suffocation ensues.

Although Dr. Burke, except in very peculiar cases, would have laughed at the idea of consulting a native physician, in the present instance he did not hesitate for an instant, well knowing that it was the only chance of saving the life of our hero.

When his palanquin stopped before the door of the Hakim Mirza Algee, he found the old man seated upon his carpet, in the courtyard of his mansion, performing his evening prayers. They were no strangers to each other.

Orientals rarely permit themselves to betray a feeling either of curiosity or astonishment. Yet a close observer might have detected, as the old man muttered his prayers a peculiar glance from the corner of his half-closed eyes, directed towards his visitor, who waited with patience till he had concluded, well knowing that no earthly business could be attended to till the last bead was told, and his devotions finished.

"May your shadow be never the less," he said, as the hakim, after closing his eyes, commenced swaying his body to and fro with a peculiar snake-like motion.

"I am my lord's slave," was the reply.

"Is your health good?"

"Disease dies in the presence of the hakim of hakims. Whose dog is Hafaz that he should be ill before him."

"My soul is enlighted by your praise."

Having gone through the usual form of compliments, which means about the same thing as compliments in Europe, only they are much more tedious, the doctor explained the reason of his visit.

The oriental stroked his beard and smiled.

"Will you not come with me?" he demanded, hastily.

"Is thy servant a *yezed* that he should do this thing?" demanded the oriental, with a sarcastic expression upon his wrinkled features. "If the angel of death flies not at his presence, who is the lord of wisdom and of sense, what hope is there that he will spread his wings at my bidding."

"But the youth may die."

"*Allah kerim!* what is written is written."

"Will you not pleasure me in this."

"It is his *kismit*."

*Kismit* means fate.

"The *hakim* of the *feringees*," added the speaker, "scoffs at our knowledge; let him try his own."

"I scoff at no man's knowledge," replied his visitor, with difficulty repressing his rising anger, "being well aware that my brother practitioners in the East possess secrets which are peculiar to them and their art."

"It is so," answered Mirza, somewhat mollified.

"The wisdom of countries differ."

"That is truth."

"Each land has its learning."

"My lord hath said it."

"The poor youth for whom I solicit your aid has taken the root," added the doctor, "and what can the learning of Europe do to save him."

"Nothing," answered the native physician, emphatically.

"Save him, and gold shall be poured forth like water."

"Gold is good."

"And the fame of Mirza Algee proclaimed to the confusion of the science of the hakim of Frangistan, and the glory of the east."

"In a few minutes I will attend my brother," exclaimed the old man, whose avarice and vanity were both excited.

So saying he quitted the small square piece of carpet, commonly called a praying carpet, from its being used only on devotional occasions, and walked into one of the rooms of the house. In a few minutes he returned, holding a small box in his hand, and began calling loudly for his palanquin bearers.

Impatient at the delay, Dr. Burke further won his good opinion by inviting him to share his. The old man bowed assent, and they started at once for the house of our hero.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## A STRANGE COMPANION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Bears is cur'us critters," said old Steve Bodwell, as we sat in the door-yard one summer's evening.

Steve was one of the early pioneers in that part of the town, and had worked hard for many a long year without laying up any of this world's goods. He was a hardy, venturesome man; good for a day's work; and acted as a sort of Man Friday for the whole neighborhood.

"Yes, sir," he added, with an emphatic ejection of tobacco juice, "they is cur'us critters, now I tell you."

"You have killed a good many of them?" I remarked, for the purpose of drawing him out.

"Wal," he answered, rather carelessly, "I should say—some."

"How is it," I pursued, determined to have the story out of him, for I knew very well that he had one which he was anxious to tell,—"will our ordinary black bears attack a man without provocation?"

"That depends upon what ye mean by provocation."

"Why—I mean, will they ever attack a man if he does not molest them?"

"Wal—as for that, I s'pose, as a gineral thing, they wouldn't do it unless they thought a man was a goin' to tackle 'em. Howsumever, an old she-bear, with young ones about, might be an ugly customer to meet."

"I've heard of that," I said.

"An' it's a fact," added Steve. "But," he continued, "the critters ain't so bold as they used to be—not nigh. They've kind o' got acquainted with the natur' of man, an' they're shy of him."

"Yes," I replied; "that has been the result wherever man has gone. Even the most powerful and savage of the wild beasts gradually lose their daring after man has made his home near their haunts, and exercised the power of art and invention over mere brute force."

"Jes' so," responded the old man. "I think you're right. Leastways—I know it's so with bears. But—did I ever tell ye about the bear I met once when I hadn't no gun?"

I assured him that I had never heard anything about it.

"Wal," he continued, "'twas what I called, at the time on't, a considerable of a cur'us circumstance. Ye see, I'd built me a bit of a cabin right up under Big Rock Hill, and there I lived as best I could. The nighest settlement was in Buttermilk Holler, an' that was nigh onto six mile from my place. One evenin', just afore dark, Ike Pratt come along a horseback, an' stopped a while to talk. He lived in the Holler, an' kept store there. Arter chattin' awhile, sez he—

"'Steve, I've got some first-rate fresh beef—killed this mornin'. Don't ye want some?'

"'Gerusha!' sez I, 'guess I do.' I hadn't no fresh meat for a long while—leastways, no beef. I'd had some fox, an' squirrel, an' the like o' that; but no real Christian meat.

"'Wal,' sez he, 'jes' come over in the mornin' an' ye shall have a nice piece.'

"The old woman was awful tickled when she found we was to have some fresh beef, an' she had me up two hours afore daylight the next mornin', an' said I must go an' get back so's to have some on't for breakfast. It was a pooty cold mornin', right in early spring, with some snow on the mountains, an' in the woods yet, an' I walked considerable fast. At any rate, I got over to Buttermilk Holler afore daylight, an' had to rout old Ike out of his bed. He got up, howsomever, without grumblin' much, an' let me in. We had a pooty stiff horn of old Jamaica sperit, an' then went out into the shed, where the beef was. Ike cut off a nice piece for roastin'—right off'm the fattest part o' the rib—an' then he cut a rousin' chunk out'n the round for steak. I told him he was pilin' it up rayther thick, but he said he'd got enough; an' I could fetch him down a nice fox-skin or two. We tied a piece of bed-cord around the meat, so't I could take it on a stick an' carry it on my shoulder.

"'Now,' sez Ike, 'you'd carry that easier if ye had a drop more of old Jamaica.'

"'Reckon I could,' sez I.

"I know'd very well that the old feller wanted a drop more himself, so I was perfectly willin' to accommodate him. Wal—arter I'd drinked the sperit—mind ye 'twasn't none of yer pizen stuff such as they have now, but the right down old stuff itself, sueh as opened a man's eyes, and made him feel good."

The old man smacked his lips over the recollection of that time, and lapped them with his tongue, as though the flavor of the aforetime draught still lingered about his mouth.

"Arter I'd drinked the sperit," he resumed, "I shouldered the meat an' started for home. Nearly all the way was through the woods, though there was two mile, or so, that I went by the edge of the pond. I got to the water just as the day fairly broke, and afore the sun was in sight I was in the woods agin. I had gone, mayhap, a dozen rods from the pond, when I seed somethin' a movin' in the bushes right ahead of me, an' presently out walked a great she-bear. She was the biggest one I had ever seed. She come out, an' sot right down on the grass an' old leaves at the side o' the road.

"Wasn't this a fix for a well-disposed man? There the critter sot, eyein' me as steady as a moon-beam, and I hadn't a gun, nor noth'n' else fit for a weapon. I had an old jack-knife in my pocket, but there wasn't only one blade, an' that was broken off, an' only fit to cut terbacker with. I'd let the old woman take my knife the night afore to clean some trout with, an' she had it now. But I wouldn't a' gin much for a knife under such circumstances, unless we come to a reg'lar hug, which I wasn't in no way anxious for just then.

"I stood stock still for more'n a minnit, lookin' the feller in the eye, to see if I couldn't look her out of countenance · but she looked as sharp an' steady as I did; but she didn't move. She sot right there, on her haunches, as much as to say—'Let's see ye come on.' When I found I couldn't git no demonstration out of her, I began to think of turnin' back; but I was nearer home than I was to the Holler, only atween me an' home sot the bear. If she meant any mischief she'd give chase one way as quick as she would the other. I tell ye, 'twas sort o' puzzlin'; but finally I made up my mind 'at I'd try to go by her. Thinks I to myself, if I keep my eye on her, an' move as though I wasn't afraid of her, I may go by, an' she won't touch me. So I tried it. I took the opposite side of the road from where she was, an' poked ahead. She let me come up over against her, an' then she wheeled part way around, but didn't move towards me. As soon as I saw this I kept on, an' pooty soon I'd got fairly past her.

"Now, thinks I to myself, I may as well move on, for I've got no means of defence, an' the quicker I git out o' the way the better. I know'd it was a she-bear, an' I felt sure she must have young ones somewhere; perhaps they might be close by, for at that time in the spring the cubs most generally follow their mother. She was gaunt and poor, but with a mighty big frame. I declare for it, I did feel a little askeered; but if the critter'd got young ones near, mayhap she'd only come out there to see me safe off; so I concluded to put. I'd gone a few steps, when up gets the bear an' follers me. I stopped an' looked around, an' she stopped, too. Then I kept on agin, an' she kept on arter me.

"Now, ye see, the rest of my way was most all up hill, an' I know'd the bear could outrun me at that. If it had been down hill I might a' tried it; but them long hindlegs o' their'n are just fit to put 'em up risin' ground. I started into an honest kind of a walk agin, just as though I wasn't a bit afeared, but no sooner had I started than the 'tarnal critter started arter me. I was gettin' kind o' riled now, and pooty soon I started into a run; but I hadn't run a rod afore I heard the bear a puttin' it arter me. I leaned it with all my might, but 'twasn't no use. The brute could run faster'n I could, and was a gainin' on me. Thinks I to myself, she'll ketch me if she tries, but she sha'n't ketch me onawares, nor take me in the rear; so I stopped an' turned; an' may I be blessed if the bear didn't stop right short at the same time, and h'ist herself onto her haunches agin.

"'What in thunder can the critter mean?' sez I to myself; an' jes' as I sed it—for I spoke kind o' loud, as though I was talkin' to somebody—the bear gin a snort, and began to champ her jaws. At first I was startled, but pooty soon an idee hit me. Thinks I, *the bear wants some o' this meat.* It was curious that I hadn't thought of that afore; but the moment the thought came to me, I saw right through the whole thing. A neighbor o' mine had been down to the pond once, an' was comin' home with a nice mess o' fish, when a bear follered him just so; but he dropped some of the fish, and she picked 'em up and went off.

"Wal—as soon as this idee hit me I know'd I must part with some o' my beef, or else run the risk o' being tackled afore I got out o' the woods. So I unslung my load, and took off the chunk of steak, and threw it on the ground. Then I looked at the bear, and she looked at me, and, I declare for't, she seemed to say—'Thank ye.' Arter this I poked on, an' pooty soon the critter came and picked up the meat, and then started back just as though she had business to attend to.

"I tell ye I wasn't long in makin' my way home. I gin the old woman the roastin' piece, an' told her to get a steak off'm it somehow for breakfast, and I'd be in afore long. She asked me what on airth was the matter. 'Matter enough,' sez I; and then I took my rifle and powder-horn, and started off. I knew where the bear had gone into the woods, and arter I'd tracked her half a mile I saw her, layin' down by an old pine log, and right alongside of her was two little cubs just lappin' down the last of my meat. I wasn't more'n ten rod off, so I was sure of my aim. I let drive, and the old bear keeled over with a bullet right through her heart. I loaded up as quick as I could, and shot one of the cubs, and the other one I caught and knocked in the head. One of the youngsters I backed home, and as soon as I'd swallered my breakfast I took the old hoss down and fetched home the rest.

"The old bear was poor as poverty, an' tough as a dried eel-skin; but her hide was good, an' so was the hides of the little ones. At any rate, I got pooty good pay for the meat I'd lost, besides leavin' three the less of the 'tarnal thieves to kill sheep, an' tear down corn, in the fall.

### COMMUNING WITH THE DEAD.

For my own part, says a distinguished writer, I am fond of communing with the dead: they have the start of me a little while; are more advanced in knowledge than the living; and if they had the gift of utterance, would, probably, testify to me how little knowledge is, after all, really worth. There are times when their speaking silence communicates unutterable feelings to the heart—feelings that flow back to the very sources of existence, prompting strange thoughts and imaginings. Though in the full flush of health and manhood, I can find pleasure in visiting the last abodes of mortality, and in conning over the "hoary text," that "teaches the rustic moralist to die." The habitations of the dead, though forsaken by the world in general, are not wholly so; I am accustomed to visit them often, and to regard them as the dwellings of friends with whom I must soon abide. I have a great admiration for beautiful church-yards, and a fastidious taste in choosing situations for sepulchres. *My* taste for a place of sepulture is like his who exclaims:—

"Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave;
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave,"

or the wild and picturesque grave-ground of Ossian, even more congenial than that of the "Minstrel" to one of my disposition—"A rock with its head of heath; three aged pines bend from its base; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone shedding its aged beard. Two stones half sunk in the ground show their heads of moss."

### HOW OUR PASSIONS TAKE US IN.

It is but too true that very few persons set a value on health, if they are to be at any pains to obtain it; and that they esteem it a blessing only when they can have it for nothing. Nature has done all that lies in her power to facilitate our acquisition of this benefit. Physicians preach up to us maxims that are consistent with reason, and which reason, gladly as she would do it, cannot annul: for she is in league with the passions which she ought to control, or at least treats them with as much indulgence as a mother does her spoiled child. This treason is our misfortune. Though Nature, solicitous for the welfare of man, gives to reason the most express commands against inordinate gratification, she performs her office too much like the custom-house officer who takes a bribe. When the passions knock for admittance, she indeed inquires, "Are ye pernicious?" but they need only answer—"No," and then present an intoxicating potion; her vigilance is lulled, and the illicit traffic encouraged. But for this wilfull negligence men would be much more healthy than they are at present; it is in vain to pity or censure this misconduct, for, while there are human beings upon earth, we must not expect the case to be otherwise. Each avoids only what he fears; and he fears only such things as are disagreeable to his feelings, but disregards his own false heart, the blandishments of his passions, and the treachery of his reason.

### THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

So down they sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger. MILTON.

We long sought for the reasons of the outcry which some people raise against the pleasures of the table. Hard study of men and things led at length to the discovery. The causes are, weak stomachs, unsocial tempers, affected simplicity and stinginess; always allowing some latitude to the convenient maxim, that there is no general rule without an exception—or two. Thus there may be some who abstain from social enjoyments under such virtuous apprehension as that they might hurt their constitutions; a few who do so from sectarian superstitions, and others from cant.

TRUE politeness consists not merely in a strict adherence to forms of ceremony: it consists in exquisite observance of the feelings of others, and an invariable respect for those feelings. By this definition it claims alliance with benevolence, and may sometimes be found as genuine in the cottage as the court.

CLEANLINESS may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it.

### IN MEMORIAM.

*To Mrs. A. T.*

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She hears a whisper from the shore
  Of the immortal Spirit-land:—
"I am beside thee evermore,
  I kiss thy cheek—I clasp thy hand;
The world's great sorrows pass thee by,
For angel of thy life am I!"

The growth of wild-flowers overhead,
  The broken sods upon his breast,
The endless jar, the hurrying tread,
  Cannot disturb his perfect rest;
Where 'neath a solemn roof of stone,
Her gallant sailor sleeps alone.

He sleeps in peace. Around him swept
  The flash of many a wild sea-wave;
And many a silver cloud hath wept
  Its vernal freshness on his grave,
Ere the fond eyes grew sadly dim,
That night and morning watched for him!

Oh, mother! when his sunny hair
  Lay lightly on thy happy heart,
The sweet blue eyes, the forehead fair,
  And smiling red lips half apart,
Breathed not in mournful prophecy
How early they should fade from thee!

Oh, folded hands, so pale and chill—
  Oh, mute, white lips, that smile no more—
Oh, faithful heart, forever still,
  The mother's weary watch is o'er—
But in her soul burns like a star
The memory of her gallant Tar!

## RICHARD HOFFMAN.

For the benefit of our *new* readers we give a synopsis of this brilliant story from the commencement up to the present instalment:—

The hero of the story, Richard Hoffman, is the son of George Hoffman, once a favorite clerk of Richard Bently, a wealthy London merchant, whose anger he incurred by marrying his only daughter, Rachel, while the father was absent in India. Mrs. Bently, who died before her husband returned, approved the match, and on her death-bed wrote a letter interceding for the youthful couple, which letter after her death could not be found. Mr. Bently, on returning and finding his only child married to his clerk, was greatly enraged, discarded Rachel, discharged George, whom he indirectly charged with having stolen $50,000, missing East India securities, and set them adrift in London, with but one true friend, Peter Mangles, the old and confidential book-keeper and clerk of the house, whose faith in George's honesty and whose love for Rachel were alike unshakeable, and who suspected Carus Kearn, Mr. Bently's nephew and George's bitter enemy, of having purloined the missing securities. George was unfortunate in business, took to drink, and by the time his son Richard had reached the age of thirteen had become a confirmed sot, and reduced his family to the very verge of starvation. They lived in a low neighborhood, where our hero made the acquaintance of Jack Manders, a boy about his own age, the nephew of Mike Silex, a returned convict, who taught Jack to steal and pick pockets for his support—a course of life which Jack abhorred but knew not how to escape from. Jack liked Richard because he never twitted him about his convict uncle, and could not be persuaded to steal. One night as Richard rushed forth into the streets to secure means to buy food for his mother and his little sister Mary, who were actually starving, he met Jack, who, on learning Richard's desperate case, at once set about picking the pocket of an old gentleman across the street, which he did pick and then escaped, leaving Richard in the clutches of the police who seized him as Jack's accomplice. The old gentleman being favorably impressed with Richard's innocent, refined, and manly appearance, (for notwithstanding his father's miserable career he was a manly and honest little fellow,) told the policeman to let him go with him, and carrying Richard to the house of his lawyer, Mr. Morton, gave him his choice to go off to school and be educated where his parents would know nothing about him, or to go to prison. It was a bitter alternative; but Richard, after combatting the strange old man and the lawyer bravely, finally yielded, and was taken by Mr. Morton to the school of the Rev. Oneas Brown, in the island of Jersey, agreeing not to write to his parents, or to say anything about his strange situation, even to Mr. Morton's son at the same school. All that Richard could find out about the old man was, that he was very rich, very kind, very eccentric, and very obstinate.

The sudden and mysterious disappearance of Richard, and the report that he had been arrested for pocket-picking, threw his mother into a violent fever, and so shocked his father as to work a thorough reformation in him. Peter Mangles assisted George to get the situation of agent and manager of the London business of Squire Thornton—a wealthy gentleman and manufacturer, who resided at his country seat, "The Elms," in the village of St. Faith's. There also lived at St. Faith's, a haughty nobleman, named Sir Norman Boothroyd, the owner of Meldown Park, whose younger brother, Allan Boothroyd, had been driven off by ill-treatment, and had joined the army in India. Lady Boothroyd much feared the return or marriage of this young brother-in-law, Allan, as the uncle of the two boys had made certain provisions in his will which were a source of annoyance to her ladyship. Sir Norman Boothroyd was governed by his wife, a thorough vixen and an artful schemer, although in public she seemed as meek and innocent as a dove. This worthy couple had but one child, Alice, a beautiful and admirable girl, ten years old, who was much attached to William Thornton, a spirited boy of sixteen—a son of Squire Thornton. Sir Norman was intensely disliked by the tenantry, and the inhabitants of St. Faith's generally. He tried to prevent their shooting hares upon the common, and this led to a conflict one New Year's Eve, in which two of Sir Norman's hounds, and one of his keepers, named Springthorp, were killed, and also Barny Gee, a soldier who had just returned from India, and brought with him a beautiful little girl of ten or twelve years, named Lillian, who was supposed to be his own child. Barny was shot by Sir Norman's men; and so great was the indignation of the people, that the Boothroyds determined to leave the place and reside in London. When Barny Gee first arrived in St. Faith's, he had hidden some papers, which he seemed to think of much importance to Lillian, in a nook called the "*Owl's Nest*," in the belfry of the village church; and when the villagers gathered around him, as he lay dying on that New Year's Eve, he tried hard to tell them something, but when Farmer Minter bent his ear to the dying soldier's lips, all Barny said was—"*The Owl's Nest!*" and the honest farmer could never remember what the expression was, although he was certain he should at once recognize it if he could hear it again. Lillian, the orphan, was taken to the hearts of Barny's brother Simon, and his wife. But Lady Boothroyd having seen her, and having heard that Allan Boothroyd and his wife had died in India, and that their orphan daughter had been sent to England in charge of a soldier friend, she at once came to the conclusion that Lillian was Allan's daughter, and resolved to have her put out of the way. With the aid of Sir Norman's crafty and villainous old steward, Andrew Silex, the twin brother of Mike, the returned convict, she concocted a plan for Lillian's abduction. Having secretly learned that one Mark Rayner had fired the shot which killed Springthorp on the night of the affray, she forced him and his wife, Rose, much against their will, to steal Lillian and carry her off to London. There she was given in charge of old Mike, with a hint from Lady Boothroyd that she would give five hundred pounds if the child should *happen* to die, and another secret and contrary hint from the steward, that if anything *should* happen to the child, he would punish Mike terribly, as she would one day be worth her weight in gold to him. Mike ill-treats the poor child horribly, but Jack Manders defends her, and gives the villainous and hoary twins so much alarm by his discoveries about the child and Lady Boothroyd, that they get him seized by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. Mike then prepares to cheat all parties. He swaps Lillian for a poor consumptive child named Fan, of Lillian's own age and closely resembling her, with Fiddler Dick, another returned convict and old "pal" of Mike's, who keeps an itinerant troop of "dancing girls." He then speedily compasses Fan's death by constantly exposing her to the chill night air, and has the corpse buried as Lillian's, that he may get the five hundred pounds of Lady Boothroyd. Meanwhile Fiddler Dick and his wife Bet, who hated Lillian and got to hate Dick himself because he would not let her maltreat the poor child, go to Southampton to exhibit their dancing girls, where Bet betrays Dick into the hands of the police, and in the confusion Lillian is caught by Rose Rayner, who chanced to be in the crowd, and carried by her on board a transport on the point of sailing for India with troops; Mark Rayner having enlisted in the regiment of Colonel Sir Charles Fourreau, and Rose having been engaged as waiting-maid to Lady Bell Fourreau, the colonel's wife. During the voyage to India Lady Bell and Sir Charles became much attached to Lillian, and on arriving at Calcutta they took her into their own family.

Richard continues at school, in the Island of Jersey, and completely wins the heart of the obstinate old man who sent him thither, and who is, in fact, his grandfather, Mr. Bently, the rich London merchant. As he is rambling over the island, during a vacation, Carus Kearn, who has learned of his being there, and who fears that Mr. Bently will make him his heir, attempts his life, but is foiled and detected. Mr. Bently is overwhelmed; he loses all confidence in Carus, reveals himself to his grandson, whom he loves more dearly than ever, and in order to guard against more attempts upon his life, engages Lieutenant Marsh, a brave and prudent officer, to live near and constantly watch over Richard. After a few years, Richard, accompanied by Lieutenant Marsh, goes to India, to ferret out the villainy connected with the $50,000 missing "securities" that his father had been suspected of taking, it now being supposed that Carus Kearn was the real thief, and that one Sanford, whom he had sent out to India to "investigate" the matter, was his accomplice. Mr. Bently had also been led to suspect that his wife's death was occasioned by Carus; she, it will be recollected, having died during her husband's absence in India. It was thought that Carus poisoned her with a baneful drug obtained of an old Hindoo in London, named Moorad; and the matter had been put into the hands of Mr. Morton (the lawyer), who was carefully working it out.

On arriving in India, Richard, who had assumed the name of Tyrrell, so as not to excite the suspicions of Sanford, went into the counting-house of Chutnee & Co., in Calcutta, in which Sanford was confidential clerk. Mr. Chutnee was quite an old man, and had married a lovely young wife, named Zamora, of whom he was passionately fond and furiously jealous. She and Lady Bell Fourreau were very intimate, and through visiting the latter with Zamora, Richard Tyrrell (as our hero is to be called while in India) became acquainted with Lillian. The young couple were soon desperately enamored of each other, and with Sir Charles Fourreau's consent (to whom Richard told the story of his life, and the object of his visit to India,) they were betrothed. Soon after this, the vessel on which Jack Manders had been impressed arrived at Calcutta, and Richard, hearing that Jack was horribly abused by the captain, got him released and had him take up his abode at his own rooms. In happening to talk over their past careers, Jack happened to mention "poor Lillian that Uncle Mike abused so," and the name arresting Richard's attention, he asked for an explanation. Jack's story about old Mike and Lillian, and Lady Boothroyd and her steward, put Sir Charles Fourreau, and Lady Bell, and Richard, on track of Lillian's real parentage.

Richard kept a sharp watch upon Sanford, and soon found that he had suspicious relations with a native banker named Al Moorad. This Hindoo seemed to suspect Richard's motives, and to hate him violently. By the aid of a Brahmin, he had a cobra di capella placed in Richard's bed by Kehoda, the Hindoo waiting-maid of Lady Bell Fourreau; but our hero killed the deadly reptile, and escaped unharmed. But he knew not to whom he was indebted for the fearful peril, nor for others as terrible to come.

Indications of the Sepoy revolt have been foreshadowed, and the regiment of Sir Charles has been ordered to Lucknow. Fred Wharton, a young officer in the regiment, who came to India to avenge himself upon another officer, named Dawlish, who had killed his brother when at school in England, is a particular friend to our hero. Caleb, a private in the regiment, is an old shipmate of Jack Manders's. Mark Rayner has become sergeant-major of the regiment. Dr. Burke, the surgeon, is a devoted friend of Richard's and Lillian's. Captain Gall is the commander of the Caradoc, the vessel from which Jack and Caleb were released. Hirim and Hassan are two Hindoo servants of Richard's.

In the meanwhile, Andrew Silex the steward and Mike his twin brother have quarreled; and Andrew, through Lady Boothroyd's influence with a relative who is a high officer of government, has Mike's ticket-of-leave revoked and him sent off to Botany Bay for life. While in the hulks, Mike meets Fiddler Dick, who has been sentenced to four year's transportation, but hopes to get off on a ticket-of-leave, by shamming repentance and humbugging the chaplain, so he can wreak his vengeance on Bet, who lives in mortal fear of his return.

Lady Boothroyd had begun to hope she should never more be troubled about Lillian, when to her great annoyance she and Sir Norman one day receive a call from Major Hawley, of the Punjaub Horse, who informs them that Sir Norman's brother, Allan, served in the same regiment with him and married the sister of his particular friend Lieutenant Marsh. That on Lieutenant Boothroyd's dying, (his wife having then been some time dead,) their only child, Lillian, had been sent to England, in charge of Barney Gee, a soldier of the regiment; "and now," says the major, "my wife is anxious to see Lillian, and would be obliged if you would permit her to call here for that purpose." Sir Norman is thunderstruck; but Lady Boothroyd denies that Lillian was Allan Boothroyd's child; says she was Barney Gee's daughter, and sends Major Hawley and his wife, (a most sharp little woman,) off to St. Faith's, to Andrew Silex, for satisfactory information on the subject. They get no satisfactory information from the wiley old steward, and so resolve to seek it from Simon Gee and others. This is the state of affairs at the commencement of the installment on the 5th page of this number of the LEDGER.

### MY TREASURE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

A little, lovely Baby Boy,
  With features soft and fair,
With smiles upon his dimpled cheeks,
  And sunshine in his hair.

With kisses on his rosy lips,
  And love within his eyes;
*This* is my last year's jewel bright,
  The treasure that I prize.

The New Year hath no gift so sweet,
  Nor half so full of joy,
Nor half so good and beautiful,
  As my dear Baby Boy.

## TRIED AND PROVED.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"No—never. I will make no promises. If you have no confidence in my self-control and prudence, I am sorry, but I will never seek to give you confidence by binding myself with promises."

The young man spoke in an excited manner; his dark eyes sparkled rather too brightly for amiability, and there was a deep red spot on either cheek, which betokened either a bad state of health, or a bad state of temper.

Fanny looked at him sorrowfully. Her lips quivered, and tears started to her eyes, but she spoke in a firm tone, although in a low one.

"Then, Luther, all must be at an end between us. I am convinced at last of the truth of what my parents told me, and I have no right—in fact, I dare not—give my happiness into the hands of one who cares more for his own pride, and for the injurious habits that he has contracted, than he does for me. I can see you no more. Good-bye."

She held out her hand to her visitor. He took it rather reluctantly, but its soft and gentle touch overcame his moodiness. He suddenly clasped it with fervor, and drew its owner to his breast.

"Fanny," he said, in great agitation, "*can* you carry out your unnatural design? Oh, Fanny, do not render us both miserable!"

"It is not I that do it. Good-bye, Luther," she said, through tears. Her slight frame shook with sobs and strong emotion, but she drew herself resolutely from her lover's embrace, and with her handkerchief to her face, left the room.

There was a martyr's heroic soul in that frail young girl. Any woman who could act the part that Fanny had that morning acted, could, if the occasion came, walk boldly to the fiery stake, or seal her testimony with her blood.

"Well, daughter?" spoke Fanny's mother, as the young girl, on her way to her chamber, met her parent in the hall.

"It is over. I will talk with you by-and-by, dear mother," was the reply.

Fanny's voice was choked and tremulous, and her mother allowed her to pass on.

Hearing the hall door close rather emphatically, Mrs. Hurst entered the parlor, and looked through the blinds. She saw Luther Derwent hastily going down the street, and she also noticed that he was just putting his pocket-handkerchief away.

"Fanny is a good girl, after all," said Mrs. Hurst, in a tone of relief.

In a few hours Fanny was visible again, to all appearance calm and contented. She informed her father and mother that she had decidedly refused to hold any further communication with her lover until he had made it manifest, to all who had become aware of his faults, that he was a reformed man. "If that never takes place," she said, "then we are parted forever." A half sob, quickly suppressed, stopped her words, but her parents were satisfied. They knew their child's truth, and were well convinced that now she had passed her word, she would abide by it, let what would tempt her.

Mr. Hurst sympathized deeply with his struggling daughter, more deeply, perhaps, than even her mother did. Mrs. Hurst could see no sort of reason why Fanny should care about Derwent. *She* cared nothing for him—he wasn't, in any respect, like her husband, and good Mrs. Hurst *marveled* that any living woman should be able to fall in love with any man who was not more or less like Mr. Hurst. She really believed that it was but a foolish notion which her daughter had taken, and that there couldn't be much real suffering in getting rid of it.

"Fanny looks poorly, wife," said Mr. Hurst. "I fear she feels very deeply over her disappointment in Derwent."

"Pooh! my dear, she don't. She *never mentions him*. I don't think she thinks much about him, and he isn't worth much thought. But she does look rather pale of late. I've observed it. She don't eat much, either. The spring of the year, you know—people are apt to be full of ailments at this season. But can't something be done to set her up?"

"I think I'll buy her a horse. She has long wanted one, and will be delighted."

As Mr. Hurst had predicted, his daughter was delighted at the idea of riding on horseback; and when she found that the graceful and spirited, but most gentle and perfectly trained, creature beneath her was hers, her very own, she could hardly retain her seat for joyful surprise.

Her father felt abundantly rewarded for the money he had spent, when he witnessed the pleasure that the gift caused.

Fanny and her father rode almost every pleasant day. Her full, dark riding-dress set off her form to the best advantage, her plumed cap became her better than anything she had ever worn, and her attitude and motions in her elevated seat were easy and exceedingly graceful. Her father's breast swelled with pride, as he looked with loving eyes upon his sweet and beautiful child. And he galloped with her past several places where he wished her to be seen and admired. Fathers are often very vain of their pretty daughters.

Fanny was laughing gaily at something her father had said; her cheeks were as red as June roses, and her eyes were sparkling from exercise, excitement and mirth; her small hand was lifted, and in the act of shaking her little silver-mounted riding-whip at her jovial sire, when—who would have thought it!—Luther Derwent suddenly appeared before them.

He stopped short, as if incapable of moving another step. With his eyes fastened upon the bright, fresh face of Fanny, the young man stood until she had bowed, and bade him a smiling good morning. He stood motionless, gazing after her when she had galloped on. To have seen the man, one might well have wondered what had come over him. Ah! a very serious reflection had; he had been taken wholly by surprise; he had been rebuked, instructed, and—converted.

Yea, "converted," for whereas he had been blind and ignorant, now he saw and knew. He was convinced that unless he set at once to work in serious earnest to make a man of himself, that Fanny was indeed lost to him forever.

The vain and foolish fellow had not, until now, really believed that there was any cause for him to worry. He relied upon the proverbial faithfulness and tenderness of woman's heart to overcome all Fanny's resolutions against him. He was, to be sure, annoyed and angry at being kept so long away from her whose society was even more to him than was that of his glass, his cigar, and his boon companions; but he solaced his probation, as he chose to regard it, by thinking, with vain satisfaction, upon the pangs that Fanny must endure. But this chance meeting with Fanny dispelled his illusion, and sick at heart he rushed home, where he sat himself seriously at work to reflect upon his case.

The blooming and happy face of the lovely Fanny was vividly painted on the eye of his mind. Had he seen her hollow-eyed and haggard with consumption, he would hardly have been so shocked. Her beauty made him feel half frantic to claim her as his own, but her evident happiness and high health caused him an agony of fear lest she had indeed shut her thoughts effectually and finally against him.

It wasn't Fanny that he now called "fool." Ah! but he repented of all his sins, now that their punishment had begun to fall.

He couldn't attend much to business that day. His thoughts were distracted and abstracted; every thing seemed on the losing hand. What should he do? He felt that he should be willing to do anything, in reason or out, to secure the prize which but that morning he was so sure was fluttering like a poor, helpless bird in his power.

He concluded to write to Fanny, confess his sins, and make all the promises that she had required. This he did before he retired that night; and in order to prove his sincerity, declared that he did not ask of her one interview, nor a single communication, if he might hope that a complete reform in his life would be rewarded by her love. If she were altogether hardened against him, he requested that she would immediately return his letter, and write upon it her resolve.

This letter was sent the next morning, and in about two hours afterwards poor Luther was thrown into despair by the receipt of what he doubted not was his own letter in another wrapper.

Tearing it open with nervous haste, he experienced a delightful revulsion of feeling, for instead of his letter there was within a sheet bearing these words—

"Hope. I never change."

It was daylight again with Luther.

He now took a bold and most decided stand for the right; gave up entirely all his rowdyish companions and habits; signed the *total* abstinence pledge, flung away his cigars, and—took to tea leaf chewing. His friends and relatives regarded all these revolutions in the habits of the young man with hope indeed, but with much doubt. They were afraid that they would not last, and that by a reaction too often seen, things would by-and-by become worse than ever. Luther feared the same thing, and that fear probably saved him, for he kept most jealous watch over himself, and would not go *near* to any "dangerous passes."

"Human nature should avoid dangerous passes."

It was a hard fight for poor Luther. From boyhood he had indulged himself in almost all directions, and to be brought up by a tight rein now, when he was nearly thirty years old—it came tough. But there was "grit" in the man, and this time it was serving him to good purpose. What Luther once actually undertook to do, he generally *did*.

A year wore away. Things went easier now. The green tea-leaves were no longer needed to allay the terrible gnawing that had seemed consuming him when he had first discarded the use of tobacco. He was improved *in personal appearance*, as well as in other respects. His eyes were not so red as had been their wont. His teeth were whiter, his forehead whiter, (perhaps his hair curled better, can't say positively as to that,) but we can say that Luther was a happier man.

He had prospered in business; people were all becoming social and friendly with him. Parents who would not allow their daughters to speak to him a year ago, now sometimes voluntarily introduced them. It was said everywhere that Derwent had finished sowing his wild oats, and was turning out "a man" after all.

Do you suppose that Fanny never heard any of this? She heard plenty of it, but the wise-headed and deep-hearted girl made no sign. She never mentioned him even to her parents; but it wasn't at all strange that she often thought of Luther, or loved the thought.

She kept herself busy, and merry, and healthy all the time. Her good mother hadn't an idea but what she had forgotten or grown heartily ashamed of her old love.

Two years had passed. Luther had professed religion, and joined the church of which Fanny was a member. She saw him often now; met him in the church, the lecture room, the social party; saw him treated with attention and respect by everybody—yes, by her own father and mother. She often spoke with him; but not a word of what was nearest to the heart of each had been breathed by either.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Hurst, musingly, as she sat darning stockings; "Fanny, who ever would have thought it?"

"Thought what?" returned Fanny.

"Why," said the old lady, with a sudden kindling up of animation. "Why, that Luther Derwent would ever have turned out a good, respectable business man, and a genuine Christian. Father, *don't* it beat all?"

"I did not expect it, certainly; but the Lord is always working wonders, mother. Derwent is now a very promising man, in every sense of the word."

Happy Fanny! her heart might almost have been heard.

"Fanny got over her notion for him mighty easily—don't you think so, pa? She may go a long time before she finds his equal as he stands now."

The latter part of this sentence was rather malicious, so Fanny thought.

"Mother, was that exactly kind when you insisted upon having me dismiss Luther?" she asked, trying to look grieved.

"Father, would you allow him to have Fanny now?" inquired Mrs. Hurst, without heeding her daughter's question.

"Yes; if Fanny wished it."

"Oh! father, *dear* father!" screamed Fanny, springing up and flinging herself into her parent's extended arms. "Are you in earnest in saying that?"

"Why, what ails the silly child?" cried the mother, seeing that Fanny was crying and laughing hysterically.

She jumped up and went to shaking her daughter, whose eyes now overflowed faster than ever, though she laughed with a more than usual heartiness.

"Are *you* willing, mother?" asked Fanny, as soon as she could.

"Why, you don't expect he'd come back to you now, do you, you unreasonable girl?"

"I want to know if you are willing, mother?" insisted Fanny.

"Why—yes—I don't know but what I am—seeing your father has consented."

This was said hesitatingly, and with her eyes turned upon her husband. Then she added—

"But it's a strange sort of affair altogether—not at all like the way in which your father and I managed—and, besides, I don't believe that Luther cares anything about you now; men are not apt to be so constant, and I suppose he could marry almost any girl now."

With these comforting remarks the good lady closed, and remained absorbed in her knitting work.

Fanny felt the full force of the doubts which her mother had thrown out; but her happiness was at stake, and uncertainty was no longer to be endured. She therefore wrote—

"DEAR LUTHER.—I have never changed. If your feelings towards me are what they once were, come and see me to-night at eight o'clock. FANNY."

While the clock was striking eight Luther rang the door-bell. Ah! that heart of Fanny's! Reader, do you hear it beat?

All which the gentleman's eager promptness foretokened was accomplished. All are now satisfied and happy, and all is well.

### DOG BREAKING.

A lady had a favorite large fat spaniel; this dog would not have been prevented from jumping on any chair he liked, but he took a fancy to a very splendid one, covered with very beautifully worked satin; he could not be kept out of this, if left for a moment in the room by himself; he was off in a moment if he heard any body coming, but on their leaving, up he was again. This chair was generally covered with a white net. I undertook to cure him of this, promising not to beat him. I took away the satin cushion, and under the white net I placed some regular old strong furze. I watched unseen; up my gentleman was in a moment, but down he was much quicker, and set up a yelping that I knew would bring his mistress down in a minute. "Poor Rover!" said I, "I think another lesson will about do for you;" so I gave him a toss on his side on my newly invented patent anti-comfortable cushion; he bolted off, out of the room, nearly knocked down his mistress at the door, who then flew after him into the garden. I made my escape, having first the precaution to desire the servant to tell his mistress, with my compliments, not to sit on Rover's chair. She passed my house the next day, and shook her finger at me, showing me Rover's head at the carriage window. He would not even look at the anti-comfortable chair again.

### A SPORTING ADVENTURE.

An independent company of rangers were encamped on the Aguna Dulce, in 1817, and were dependent upon their rifles for subsistence, every man taking his turn at hunting. There was one man in this company who invariably returned empty-handed; and he became so notorious for not furnishing his quota of meat, that his companions made it a standing rule to jest and jeer. After meeting with such ill success for a long time, he was persuaded to adopt the Camanche deer dress, and make one effort more. Accordingly he donned the undressed deerskin, the head, horns, and skin of the legs remaining attached; and when he got down on all fours, he resembled, at a distance, a real buck. Off he started, amid the shouts of his companions, for the range; which, as soon as it was reached, afforded a thousand opportunities to try his experiment. Selecting what he thought the best path through the chaparral, he was proceeding along it slowly to reach the prairie, unmindful of anything but the deer, when a panther, perched upon a branch, and thinking it was sure enough a buck, sprang upon him, and stuck his claws deep into the dry skin. The hunter rose up with a yell; the panther bounded off with equal alarm and surprise; and although nothing was spoken, the apology seemed mutual.

### A SAD STORY.

A correspondent informs us of the appearance of a man who has just been released from the State Prison, after serving a term of twenty years. During this time the march of improvement has been so rapid, that almost every vestige of all that was familiar to him then has been swept away. Cities and towns have grown up; railroads and telegraphs have been established; in short, almost everything which to us appears old and void of novelty, must appear strange and wonderful to him. He entered his cell of eight by ten a young man, and comes out with the marks of age and the stamp of ignominy upon him.

### LOVE OF LIFE.

With the exception of a few reprobates and free-thinkers, everybody wishes to go to Heaven; but the most enthusiastic of us all, if he had the choice, would consent to go there as late as possible. This perverse disposition to extend life beyond that period in which the faculties begin to decay, like that of children, who, having eaten the apple, apply themselves voraciously to devour the parings, is anything but rational: yet so it is, we cling with closer earnestness to the rickety tenement as its dilapidation increases; and we are never so anxious for a renewal of the lease as at the very moment when the edifice is crumbling about our ears.

### A NOVEL DUEL

Two young bloods of a small village in Kentucky, a short time since, becoming offended at some imaginary insult, a challenge was passed and accepted, as both thought nothing but blood could wash out the insult. The terms on which the challenge was accepted were these: that they should meet at a doctor's office, and be bled until one or the other should be satisfied. They accordingly met, and the doctor opened a vein for them. They bled, until both becoming extremely weak and looking as white as their own linen pronounced themselves satisfied, and so ended the bloody affair.

### TO A PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER.

*Taken in her Childhood.*

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I've gazed in dreamy silence on the stars
That rest in solemn splendor strange and proud,
Wearing the old unchanging smile above
The giant groves of ages, that rushed down
To the all-voiceless gulf with broken hearts
Clasped in their awful bosoms! The *cold* stars
That seem to say, without an audible voice,
"Behold us! We are God's bright mysteries!
*Weep* that our glory and our loveliness
Is to ye mortals unapproachable!"
Then I have turned to watch the sweet moon float
Through the unfathomable deeps of Night,
Like some young angel's pleasure-bark sent forth
From the far shores of Paradise! And then
I've longed, oh with what vain intensity,
What burning, agonizing brain to know
The things beneath Eternity's still vail.

And yet it were as sweet to look on *thee*,
Fair shadow of evanished loveliness,
As the *near* glory of moon or star—
Ay, or the Heaven beyond!
Alas, alas,
They tell me, *picture*, that thou art a thing
Of fairy beauty; that thy lip and brow
Are chiseled as might be a baby-angel's!
Those curls of gold-touched brown sweep carelessly
Around thy dimpled bosom's snow; and that
Thy tiny hand grasps summer's sweetest flowers,
Not one so sweet as thou! Oh, in my heart
The worship for all beauty is so deep
That I could love thee for thy loveliness;
Ay, love thee earnestly for that *alone*.
But when I think how those young charms matured
And softened into calmer brightness, watched
Above my cradle-dreams; how that fond breast
Has pillowed oft my childish head; and how—
Hush, breaking heart—how once that lovely lip
Called me those sweet names only mothers know;
And how, at last, that fairest face grew pale,
And icy cold, and strangely, sadly calm,
And met our kisses—*and returned them not:*
And how amid the moonlight-mists of May,
Pale flowers lay fading o'er a grave, whose shade
Darkened our home!—Home? 'tis a sweet, *sweet* word—
But it sounds strangely on *my* lip! and how
Each mournful even in the twilight-hush
My baby brother lisped "Mamma!" in vain;
And when they told him she was gone to Heaven,
And would come back no more, sank wearily
To orphan slumbers, sweetly asking *why*
*She did not take him!* And how oft we said,
"We always, *always* will be lonesome now."
Oh, when *these* thoughts rise from the mists of years
How deeply, fondly, fearfully I yearn
To look, bright shade, on thee!
But thou art far,
So far away, and my unrestful course
Perchance will never, *never* wind to thee;
And she, thy semblance—sighs and tears are vain—
It were as well to kneel before the Night,
And question of the Pleiad that is fled
From her eternal splendors, as to ask
The voiceless Heaven for *her:* The angels know
She is *my Mother—yet* they answer not.

## CHASED BY INDIANS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"It is a wild, glorious life for those who love the sports of the chase—the life of the mounted hunter on the great praries of the Far West!" enthusiastically exclaimed a friend of mine, who had passed a portion of his life beyond what was then known as the borders of civilization.

"But then it has its perils and unpleasant passages, which sometimes make one wish himself safely at home!" I ventured to reply.

"True, we have our storms as well as sunshine," he rejoined; "but all joy has its sorrow, all good has its evil, all sweet has its bitter, else perhaps the first would pall. Life is made up of variety and contrast; and so a man has more pleasure than pain, he is entitled, as things go in this world, to lay claim to happiness. Speaking of perils, though, by-the-by, and unpleasant passages, suppose I give you a rather striking incident in my chequered career?"

"By all means," said I; "the very favor I would have asked—nothing could please me better."

"Well, then, as I am one who always likes to come to the facts, without any tedious preliminaries, suppose I jump at once into the very heart of my story?"

"All right—proceed."

"Well, then," pursued my friend—who, by the way, was a finely-built, athletic fellow, some thirty years of age, and one of the best horsemen I ever saw—"the incident I refer to, occurred during a buffalo hunt on what is known as the great prairies, up near the head waters of the Arkansas. A party of eight of us had opened our day's sport upon a small herd of buffaloes, and had begun the slaughter in the regular Western fashion—that is to say, by each singling out his animal, dashing up alongside on his fiery steed, discharging his holster pistols into the most vital part, and so following up the cow or bull to its final fall and death, and then immediately skinning it, taking a few select pieces for our camp fare, rolling up the hide, strapping it to the back of the saddle, mounting our horse, and dashing on again as before, leaving the remainder of the carcass to the cowardly *coyotes*, or small prairie wolves, which, with an instinct like that of dogs, seldom failed to follow in our steps,—we were thus engaged, I say, and I had become separated from all of my companions save one—whose animal, alike branching off from the herd, had taken the same direction as mine—when suddenly we were both startled by the cry of 'Indians!' and looking behind us, we saw, far away, some eight or ten mounted savages, bearing down for us with all speed, with similar parties chasing our friends in the distance, who were also scattered and flying in every direction.

"'By heavens! here is something more than fun!' cried young Summerfield, my companion, in alarm, instantly turning off from his wounded buffalo, and dashing up alongside of me. 'What shall we do, Leland—eh?'

"'Run or fight, I hardly know which!' said I, drawing up my horse for a momentary consideration, and sweeping the prairie with my eye.

"'Let it be a run, by all means!' he returned, in an eager, excited tone; 'it is our only chance.'

"'And what chance have we then?' said I, thoughtfully. 'These savages are doubtless better mounted than we, and will soon run us down; and it will only be fight or death at last—perhaps both. Doubtless if we were to dismount, make a kind of breastwork of our horses, and stand firm, the savages, after a few cirles round us, a few grand flourishes, and a fascinating display of their equestrian skill, would leave us to ourselves—especially if, with a careful aim, we should happen to unhorse one or two of the most daring. Come! what do you say? We have our rifles already loaded; and we shall have time to load our pistols also before they get up; and the latter will serve us even better than the former, should it come to a close encounter.'

"'I think we can escape by flight, Leland,' returned Summerfield, in a nervous, agitated tone; 'and flight is my choice. But whatever we do, we must do quickly; for see! they are coming up furiously; and if we stand here three minutes longer, it will be too late to choose—there will be no alternative. If these were all, I would remain and abide the consequences; but if we permit ourselves to be surrounded, there is no knowing what moment the others yonder may join this party; and even you, sanguine as you are, cannot hope to long withstand such odds.'

"This last remark struck me with force; it would be the hight of folly to think of holding out against a larger party than the one in chase; by flight we should probably draw them off from their companions, and thus have them to themselves, even if it came to a fight at last; and so I decided for flight.

"Our conversation had been very rapid, and our halt had not extended beyond a minute, during which time I had constantly employed myself insweeping the broad, level plain with my eyes, and considering the chances of a successful run.

"Far, far as my sight could reach, in every direction save one, the blue horizon shut down to the level earth—the exception being a black point in the distance, not unlike a small cloud which I believed to be a wooded elevation—one of the lower ranges of the great Rocky chain, thrown forward like the vanguard of an army.

"Over this plain, less than half a mile distant, but in a direction opposite to the black point in question, our mounted foes were swiftly advancing, yelling like demons; while away to the right, with horses and buffaloes mingled in strange confusion, our scattered friends were flying in terror, each hotly pursued by a small band of mounted savages. It was indeed a moment of peril, and a scene to make the hair rise with excitement, and the blood to course swiftly through the veins.

"'On!' I shouted—'to yonder distant wood! Our lives may depend upon our reaching that before our enemies.'

"And instantly setting our horses' heads in the proper direction, we buried our rowels in their flanks, and bounded forward like lightning, the Indians yelling even more furiously as they witnessed the result of our determination, and pressing even more eagerly forward in pursuit.

"Could we reach the point at which we aimed in advance of our pursuers? It was a long distance—many a long league; but then our horses were comparatively fresh; and though not, perhaps, all things being equal, of the same speed and bottom as those of our foes, yet sufficiently so, with the start we had, to give us hope.

"'At all events,' said I, we can shoot as quick, and as far, and as certain as the best of them.'

"'But not so many times,—for they outnumber us, four to one,' returned my companion, who seemed more alarmed than it pleased me to perceive.

"'But once for each mark will do,' I rejoined; 'and if we find them gaining on us, it must be tried. These savages are a cowardly pack, whenever they see certain death before them; and my word for it, if we can draw them away from the main body, and send a couple to their master, the rest will leave us to ourselves. Meantime let us load our pistols, and be prepared to take advantage of all the chances.'

"Accordingly, casting our bridle-reins over the high pommels of our saddles, we proceeded to put all our weapons in order, still spurring forward, and keeping an eye to our enemies, who were pressing rapidly on, almost in a body, and, as I fancied, gaining on us slightly.

"We each had a brace of holster pistols, which would carry a large ball for the distance of thirty or forty yards, with the trueness and almost the force of a rifle; and having loaded these, reprimed our rifles, loosened our knives, and thus seen everything in order, and well disposed for action, we somewhat quietly settled down, and gave our whole attention to the race.

"On, on, we flew! our gallant animals straining every nerve, doing their duty nobly, and seeming as it were to take part in our hopes and our fears; and on came our pursuers, at the very top of their speed, eager for our destruction, and now and then causing us to thrill strangely with their fierce, demoniac yells.

"On, on, we sped—minute after minute—mile after mile; the dark spot, the haven of our hopes, rising a little to our view, but still seeming interminably distant; and our savage pursuers gaining on us perceptibly, and seeming to yell more triumphantly as they grew more certain of securing their victims.

"'Oh, my God! we are lost, Leland!' cried poor Summerfield, looking around in horror. 'Already the savages have shortened the distance one half! and they will certainly be upon us before we can reach yonder wood, or even bring it fairly into view. See! Leland, see! our poor horses are blowing and foaming even now—while those of our blood-thirsty pursuers seem almost as fresh as when we started. We can do no more; and an hour, or even half an hour, will bring them up to us. Ha! those yells again! those horrid yells! they know we are at their mercy now! and such a death! shot down—butchered in the very prime of manhood—our mutilated bodies left to the ravenous wolves—our fates forever unknown to our friends—oh, God! it is terrible! terrible!'

"'But why talk or think of dying, with so many chances of life before us?' cried I, roused to something like anger by what I considered the paltry fears of my companion. 'Cowards are ever dying—the brave man falls but once.'

"'Oh, Leland,' replied Summerfield, turning upon me the most wretched, ghastly, wo-be-gone countenance I ever beheld—'do not blame me for what I cannot help! A horrible presentiment is on me, that my hour is at hand; and I have that to live for which makes life desirable; and my wandering thoughts have taken in the misery my friends will suffer when they shall discover that time brings not the wanderer back.'

"'Pshaw!' returned I, sharply, though not a little touched by his singular appearance and the peculiar melancholy of his tone; 'let us think of anything now rather than the sentiment of a love-sick swain or a school-girl! With such fancies in your head, the savages will kill you, sure enough; but if you will only be the man I have always taken you for, you will live to go back and tell your own story.'

"'How can we escape—what can we do?' he dejectedly inquired.

"'Fight!' said I—'just what I intended to do in the first place. Our foes are gaining on us, as you say; we cannot outrun them; there is no alternative. But we have drawn them too far from the main body for them to get assistance; and now, if we act quickly, in concert, and with determination, the day may be our own.'

"'Yours it may be, Leland—but not mine!' he rejoined; 'for I know I shall not survive. However, do as you think best, and I will stand by you while I do live.'

"'See!' said I; 'there are two of our pursuers already some rods in advance of the others. Let us slack up gradually—so that they may suppose they are overtaking us from our exhaustion—and, when near enough to make our aim sure, wheel suddenly and try our marksmanship.'

"'I am ready,' replied my companion, with a melancholy shake of his head.

"We continued on about a mile further, by which time the foremost of our pursuers were yelling fiercely within the distance of a hundred yards.

"'Now is our time!' cried I. 'Rifles ready!—halt!—wheel!—fire!'

As the words were uttered, each was acted upon with promptness and decision, and at the last our pieces spoke together.

"We were both good marksmen, and had long practised the art of shooting on horseback, even when under full headway; so that the result astonished us less, probably, than it did the savages; who, not aware of our intentions, were not prepared for so sudden a shot. The one I had selected for my mark immediately fell from his beast, with a loud yell of rage and pain; but my companion, being not so sure in his aim, merely lodged his ball in the brain of the other's horse. The animal dropped suddenly, and would probably have seriously injured any rider less expert than his own; but the agile savage cleared his back before he touched the ground, and immediately ran howling back to his advancing comrades.

"Fearfully wild and savage were the yells with which the Indians greeted our sudden display of heroism; and quickly spreading out on either side, they began to circle around us—bending over, keeping their persons concealed behind their horses, and letting fly their arrows from under the necks of their rushing animals.

"I now saw there would be little chance for us if we dismounted, as we could not guard ourselves on all sides; and so telling Summerfield to load up as quick as possible, and then take a better sight than before, I proceeded to do the same—we keeping our enemies at a distance, meanwhile, by a display of our pistols—and occasionally dodging our heads, as an arrow whistled closer than usual past our ears.

"Just as we had succeeded in getting our rifles loaded, primed, and brought to our shoulders, ready for the first certain mark that should offer, one daring fellow came swooping round on the side of my companion. The next moment there was a flash, a crack, and the twang of a bow; and both marksmen fell; the Indian howling and rolling in the dust—poor Summerfield silently, alas! with an arrow drove through his brain between his eyes.

"I saw at once that he was killed—that his presentiment had proved too real—that I could no longer be of any service to him—and instantly I resolved to escape upon the horse of the Indian I had shot, which was still running at large between me and my foes.

"I had reserved my fire, and the savages knew it; and, warned by what had occurred, they took care to give me a wide berth—though still circling round, and sending their arrows from a distance; and suddenly spurring my horse forward, my foes retreating as I advanced, I was soon by the side of the animal I sought. Grasping his halter, I threw myself upon his back; and the next moment I was dashing swiftly across the plain—too swiftly for pursuit—to the utter chagrin of my enemies, who could only impotently howl forth their rage at the loss of their best racer and the foe they had counted as a victim. When fairly clear of them, I turned—gave a loud yell of triumph—fired my rifle in defiance—and then sped onward like the wind.

"At nightfall I reached Fort Bent, where I found two of my companions, who reported all the rest killed. But the next day, one by one, the others dropped in—all save poor Summerfield—the only victim of that day's chase—to whose memory we all sadly paid the tribute due to a companion and a friend."

### O, THE TONGUE!

The slanderer of whichever sex is a pest in any society. They are a character made up of a combination of vices, the most prominent of which are, lying, backbiting, idleness, hatred, revenge. No single one, but altogether these vices are found in their composition, which make them as miserable as they strive to make others. Idleness is burdensome, envy increases to madness, and through lying, revenge is sought. This is but a faint picture illy executed of a community's greatest plague.

PROFUSION restores to the public the wealth which avarice has detained from it for a time.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

UNDECIDED.—You must deliberate carefully upon the matter, and then decide it according to the dictates of your heart and your judgment. As this is your apprentice's first offence of the kind, you should be cautious about exposing him to the gripe of the law and the scorn of the world. His character would of course be forever blasted should the fact of the theft become known, and the boy's only resource would be to go on in a career of wrong-doing. No one would employ a boy who was known to have committed a theft. You should let his mother's prayers have due weight; in such a case they are invested with a sacredness which should not be disregarded. Give the boy a fair chance to redeem himself in your establishment, and if he does so, you will forever rejoice in the result; and if he does not redeem his charcter, but repeats the offence, you can then hand him over to the correction of the law with a consciousness that you have not acted hastily, but have only done your duty mercifully.

L. D. C.—You should of course pay whatever the young lady's daguerreotype costs, inasmuch as you asked her for it. No right-minded young lady would be "offended" by such an act of courtesy.

A. B. Y.—When you wish a word or sentence of an article that is to be published to be printed in italics, you must draw a line underneath it.

ELY.—There is no harm in keeping your love for the young lady to yourself; on the contrary, it is very prudent in you so to do. You should not get married until you are at least twenty one years old.

LOUISA.—Fairy lore is not much cultivated in these practical times, and Queen Mab has ceased to be one of the "great powers." As for the Nymphs, they were numerous, and divided into many classes. These were the Nereids, or nymphs of the sea, daughters of Nereus; Oreads, or nymphs of the mountains; Naiads, or nymphs of the streams; Dryads, or nymphs of the wood; and Hamadryads, or nymphs who were born, and died, each with her particular tree. Those were the principal nymphs; but we also hear of the Limnads or Limniads, nymphs of the lakes; Potameides, or nymphs of rivers; Ephydriads, or nymphs of the fountains; Napeæ, nymphs of the woody glens and meadows; and Meliæ, nymphs of the honey-making. But these specific appellations were probably given at will, by any one who wanted a nymph in his neighborhood. There are furthermore the Bacchantes, or nymphs of Bacchus; the Hesperides, or daughters of Hesperus,

"Who sing about the Golden Tree;"

the nymphs who waited upon the deities in general; the celestial Syrens, who sat upon the spheres; and some reckon among the nymphs the Graces and the Muses. And to all these may be added every lovely girl who has a pure and affectionate heart; they are the most fascinating of all nymphs.

ETIQUETTE.—This correspondent wants to know, in case a young gentleman, at a party, should escort the young lady of the house to the supper-room, and offer her refreshments before the other gallants had waited upon their companions, the invited guests of said young lady of the house, if it would be proper for the latter to accept the refreshments offered, or whether it would not be her duty to wait until all her guests had been served, before partaking of refreshments herself. In such a case good breeding and courtesy would dictate that the young lady of the house should see that the refreshment table was bountifully set forth, and nothing more. It would not be her duty to perform the menial services of a waiter at table, nor would it be an exhibition of good taste for her to institute an inspection of the manner in which the beaux waited upon the belles, as though the former required looking after and needed an overseer to make them do the amiable duties which gallantry alone should impell them to discharge. Her proper course was to act as though she was one of the company, and as if all the guests were perfectly at home, and required no looking after. *That* would be the way to inspire the whole company with the greatest sense of freedom and ease.

P. R. L.—We are not advocates for theaters. We will not presume to say what good *might* not be done by them, were they under the control of respectable people. We do not care to argue that question, as it is based on a most airy hypothesis. We make no war upon the "profession." We never voluntarily allude to the members thereof either individually or collectively. We regret that they should have so managed matters as to make most of the best people honestly believe that theaters, as they are now conducted, tend to lower public taste, to taint public morals, to poison public amusement, and cause their frequenters to sympathize with what is indecent and demoralizing—to make the present generation scoff where their fathers admired and reverenced, and to render a noble and humanizing art a mere convenience for ignorant pretension, licentious intrigue, and sordid speculation.

MADEMOISELLE.—Of course you and your lover will have quarrels and poutings in plenty. You must not take such things so seriously to heart. After such little tempests, the sun of love shines all the more brightly and genially. Your lover will soon come back with some handsome present, and will try to act as though nothing unusual had taken place between you. And you must help him act out the little farce at first, until he can muster up self-possession enough to "make a clean breast of it," when you will ask each other's pardon, and be more affectionate than ever. Such scenes have been constantly transpiring since the first courtship was begun.

RASSELAS wants to know, in case a man marries a woman after having courted her three or four years, if their union would be as likely to be productive of happiness as it would had they married after a courtship of a couple of months. We see no reason why it should not. In fact, the chances are that such a couple would be more happy than those who had married hastily. Where people finally marry, no harm arises from the fact that they had long known and loved each other. The objection to long courtships is, that they so often result in the estrangement of the parties, and in the breaking of promises to marry.

TRUE AMERICAN.—By referring to the LEDGER for March 14th, 1857, which you can order through any news-dealer, you will find a communication from the then Secretary of the Navy, setting forth in detail the mode in which application must be made for admission to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and the manner and points in and on which the applicants are examined. If you wish to enter the navy as a midshipman, you must do so through the Naval Academy. If you wish to enter it as a common seaman, which you had better never do, you can enlist at any time.

BESSIE.—None of the "Madames" who advertise to "read character," tell fortunes, etc., can be trusted. You do not seem to perceive the reason for using "lying," etc., in some cases, and "laying," etc., in others. Where the verb is *transitive*, you use laid, laying, etc.; when it is *intransitive*, lie, lying, etc., should be used. For example: The man was *lying* on the ground; the man was *laying* the sticks on the ground. The man *lay* on the grass; the man *laid his scythe* upon the grass, etc.

W. C. J.—It depends upon circumstances whether or not "a man with any self-respect can 'propose' to a girl the second time." Some celebrated and excellent men have "proposed" not only a *second* but *many* times to the same obdurate fair. Every man must act up to his own standard of manliness and etiquette in such matters. Under the circumstances which you describe there could be no objection to a second attempt.

O. B. C.—Sends the following problem for the LEDGER boys to solve. A and B each had a certain number of sheep. A said to B, "The square of the number I have, plus your number, would be *eleven*." Said B to A, "The square of my number, plus the number you have, would be *seven*." How many had each?"

AN OLD READER is very much troubled by his hair, which grows down near his eyebrows, and won't stand up or keep smooth down upon one side; and he wants to know what can be done with it. Keep it cut close; that is the only way to manage such forward and obstinate hirsuteness.

THOMAS C. N.—The most approved orthography of the "great dramatist's" name is *Shakspeare;* it is written several other ways, however, and many eminent writers prefer to spell it *Shakespeare.*

FOR BACK NUMBERS of the "LEDGER" we charge *four* cents a copy. "The Storm Secret" runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold Beater," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davis," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Percival," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugees," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karmel, the Scout," twelve numbers, price 48 cents; "The Abducted Heiress," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Bion, the Wanderer. seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named stories on the receipt of the sum stated; or we will mail *all* the numbers of the LEDGER from June 7th, 1856, up to and including the number of March 13th, 1858—being ninety-three numbers in all, and containing *all* of these stories complete, on the receipt of $3. This is certainly cheap reading—eighteen stories complete, besides the immense variety of other matter contained in the LEDGER during that period, for $3.

CHESUNCOOK says he was at a party a short time since, whither he had accompanied a young lady to whom he is engaged to be married. During the progress of a game which involved forfeits and kisses, a man who is his most deadly enemy, and whom "Chesuncook" hates most inveterately, won the liberty of kissing the latter's sweetheart, whereupon "Chesuncook" started up and forbid her permitting the caress. The "hated man" insisted on his rights, and the company took sides with him; the young lady also seemed to think that her lover had made a mistake; but he was obstinate, and finally took her away from the party in order to put an end to the affair to his own satisfaction. He now asks "Was I right? The affair has made a great deal of talk, and I am condemned on all sides; but I cannot see that I did anything improper." You acted very foolishly, and, according to your own account, behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner. You gave your assent to your sweetheart's playing the game with the obnoxious gentleman, by standing by and looking on for a long time, without making any objection. You gave your enemy a decided advantage over you by your foolish conduct, and subjected the lady to a degree of pain and mortification, from which she will not soon recover. You should have quietly withdrawn her from the game at its commencement, without allowing any one to suspect your reason for so doing.

ACELDAMA says an old lover of his wife's, who has been absent from the country several years, on his return called at our correspondent's dwelling, and began to abuse his wife. While this was going on "Aceldama" came home, and his wife telling him how the "old lover" had been acting, he at once assaulted the intruder, beat him violently, and literally kicked him out of doors. So far all went well for "Aceldama;" but soon after he was arraigned in the church of which he is a member for misconduct in having so beaten and kicked the man who had insulted and abused his wife. The matter is still pending in the church, and "Aceldama" wishes us to advocate his cause, as nearly all the leading members of the church read the LEDGER regularly, and he thinks whatever we should say would have great influence. We must decline to interfere in such a matter. We can give no opinion as to the merits of the case, as we have only one side of the story. The church committee of investigation will doubtless get at the real facts of the case, and do impartial justice to all parties. Should it be found that the facts are *just exactly* as "Aceldama" has stated them, he will no coubt be dealt with leniently, as such an aggravation as he describes would justify a resort to summary satisfaction.

ROCKAWAY.—The lady was probably more of an upstart than aristocrat. One of the latter class would not have taken offence at a well-meant kindness. Babies are not to blame for being born of aristocratic parents—that is, we mean, of dukes and duchesses, or earls and countesses, etc., etc.; nor are those babies to blame for growing up into members of their respective orders of nobility; and many of them become very *democratic* in their feelings and conduct. But an *upstart*—one who has no claims whatever to the birth or character of a nobleman or gentlewoman—should be despised for aping the manners of the nobility, and for putting on supercilious and offensive airs. Your high-bred noble has no offensive manners, and never treats any one, however humble, with rudeness. It is only those who are conscious that they have no dignity who are afraid it will not be recognized. They who are *themselves assured* of their position, are indifferent as to its recognition by others.

ROSCOE.—Under the circumstances detailed by you, you certainly could recover nothing of the lady should you sue her for breach of promise. The offence you committed against her, though in reality a very slight one, would be magnified by her lawyer, and so highly colored by his rhetoric, that it would appear to the jury to be a most outrageous insult, and such as justified her in breaking off the engagement. A man should never prosecute a woman in such a case unless he not only has all the truth but all the *appearances* of right and justice on his side; and even then he might better quietly pass the matter by than bring an action for breach of promise.

ARCTIC.—We are not surprised that the young lady was offended with you for ridiculing her lover. The fact that you consider him an unworthy person, and wished to cause her to give him up, *for her own good*, makes no difference. She knew nothing about your motives; and if she had known what your intention was, she would probably have considered your conduct impertinent and insulting. Nobody should ever voluntarily interfere in such matters, except under the most urgent circumstances, and on positive proof.

BLACK EAGLE.—It is impossible for us to say whether or not the young lady intends to marry you. Under the circumstances you mention, we think you had better not be too importunate with her in regard to an avowal of her sentiments. Much importunity might weary and disgust her. Be as devoted to her as possible, but do not ask her for a "yes" or a "no" for a few months, and then when you do ask you will stand a chance to get one. We hope it will be a "yes."

CAMEO.—We are inclined to consider the legend in regard to the "golden cent of 1814" of a highly apochryphal character. We do not believe there is any more gold in the cent coins of that date than in those of any other year. However, so far as our *actual knowledge* of the matter goes, the cents of that date may be highly auriferous. We would not give over a cent a piece for them, at all events; and if you have any on hand to dispose of, you would do well to take a very small advance on their par value.

JAMES.—The numbers of the LEDGER containing the first four installments of the story of "RICHARD HOFFMAN" will cost 16 cents. You are by no means alone in your admiration of that masterly story. We are constantly receiving letters commendatory of it. It makes no difference which arm you offer a lady when walking with her in the fields or woods, or at a pic-nic anywhere. Her own convenience should be consulted, and nothing more.

CINCINNATUS.—No doubt some of the rulers of the ancient kingdoms of the earth were men of very great abilities; but we are inclined to the opinion that it required less brains to rule Persia, Media, Babylon, Abyssinia, or any other ancient kingdom or empire, than are now necessary successfully to conduct a wholesale mercantile (or other great) establishment in this city. Brute force was the chief element of government in those rude and far-off ages.

SOBRIETY.—It is undoubtedly a hard case for you to be compelled to give up your earnings to your drunken father, that he may squander them for liquor; but still, you should continue to live at home, so as to aid and comfort your mother, whose mortification and sufferings must far exceed yours. Stand by your mother to the last, no matter how great the injustice and tyranny to which you have to submit.

SHENANDOAH.—We say it would be wrong for you to challenge the man, who slandered your sister, to mortal combat, on the ground that dueling is always unjustifiable. As long as you live in civilized society, you must resort to civilized means to redress your injuries. Dueling is a relic of barbarism, and should be left to dwellers among barbarous and savage nations.

LILY LEIGH.—Queen Victoria's family name is "Guelph." Noble and royal ladies are called by their first name because it is customary so to do; and the custom has come down from the early ages. There was a time when surnames were not in use at all, and then great and humble folk were alike called by the Christian name.

E. C. L.—You should not put much faith in the ability of a person who exhibits such a censorious spirit. Common-minded people always depreciate. They forget that it is only by looking up that we see heaven. Where one's own motives are low, he always supposes the motives of others to be low also.

HONOR.—You of course have a right to sell your "collection of recipes," if you can find any one who will buy it. It would be your duty, however, to state fairly the qualities of such of them as you have tested, and in regard to those which you know nothing about, to confess your ignorance.

MAMARONECK.—We do not know "which place within fifty miles of New York is the cheapest and best place to spend six or eight weeks of the summer in," as we have not tried them all; nor do we wish to praise any particular locality at the expense of others.

WILLIAM S.—Yes. Three subscriptions to the LEDGER for a year will be $4.50, provided all the money is sent at one time.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*